

# THE MONTH

*A Catholic Magazine and Review.*

AUGUST, 1885.

## CONTENTS.

1. CATHOLICS AT THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES. *By the Editor* . 457  
 II.—The Special Dangers of Residence at a Protestant University.
2. CHRISTIANITY AND SCIENTIFIC FREEDOM. *By Rev. L. Martial Klein* . 474
3. THE SALON OF 1885. *By Herman Lescher* . 484
4. MISSIONS OF THE EQUATORIAL LAKES. *By the Rev. Henry Gibson* . 491  
 I.—Mission of the Victoria Nyanza.
5. A DRAMATIC VIEW OF A CATHOLIC SAINT. *By Charles Nicholson* 509
6. A SONNET—Dante at the Convent of Santa Croce del Corvo. *By Robert Steggall* . 521
7. A RIDE THROUGH PARAGUAY. *By Mrs. Mulhall* . 522
8. CHARACTERISTICS OF BATS, ANCIENT AND MODERN. *By Marianne Bell* . 529
9. GENERAL GORDON'S WRITINGS AND DOINGS. *By W. Kenworthy Browne* . 542
10. THE LADY OF RAVEN'S COMBE. *By E. H. Dering* . 550  
 Chapters XX.—XXII.

## REVIEWS . 579

1. Autograph MS. of the *Imitation of Christ*. 2. Narratives of Scottish Catholics under Mary Stuart and James the Sixth. 3. *Aristotelis opera omnia cum paraphresi a Silv. Mauro, S.J. Tom. i.* 4. *De Deo Disputationes Metaphysicæ. Auctore J. M. Piccirelli, S.J.* 5. *Wilhelm Cardinal Allen, und die Englischen Seminare auf dem Festlande. Von Dr. Alphons Bellesheim.* 6. *A Biographical Dictionary of the English Catholics. By Joseph Gillow.* 7. *La Philosophie Religieuse du Mazdéisme sous les Sassanides. Par L. C. Casartelli.* 8. *Towards the Truth. By Sir J. Croker Barrow, Bart.*

## LITERARY RECORD . 594

- I.—Books and Pamphlets.
- II.—Magazines.

LONDON :

OFFICE OF THE MONTH, 48, SOUTH ST., GROSVENOR SQ.

LONDON : BURNS AND OATES. DUBLIN : M. H. GILL AND SON.

BALTIMORE : MESSRS. JOHN MURPHY AND CO.

Price Two Shillings.

*All rights of translation and reproduction reserved.*

**THE GREAT  
BLOOD  
PURIFIER  
AND  
RESTORER.**

**"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE?"**

**CLARKE'S**

**WORLD-FAMED**

**BLOOD MIXTURE**

**LARGEST SALE  
OF ANY  
MEDICINE  
IN  
THE WORLD.**

For cleansing and clearing the blood from all impurities, it cannot be too highly recommended. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin and Blood Diseases and sores of all kinds, it is a never-failing and permanent cure. It Cures Old Sores. Cures Ulcerated Sore Legs. Cures Scurvy Sores. Cures Cancerous Ulcers. Cures Glandular Swellings. Cures Blackheads, or Pimples on the Face. Cures Blood and Skin Diseases. Cures Ulcerated Sores on the Neck. Clears the Blood from all impure matter, from whatever cause arising.

As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

**THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.**

Sold in Bottles 2s. 9d., each, and in cases containing Six times the quantity, 11s. each, sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases. BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world, or sent on receipt of 33 or 132 stamps by the Proprietors, THE LINCOLN & MIDLAND COUNTIES' DRUG COMPANY, LINCOLN.

**(TRADE MARK "BLOOD MIXTURE.")**

**THE UNIVERSAL HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES!!!**

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT**

These excellent FAMILY MEDICINES are invaluable in the treatment of all ailments incidental to every HOUSEHOLD. The PILLS PURIFY, REGULATE, and STRENGTHEN the whole system, while the OINTMENT is unequalled for the cure of Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. Possessed of these REMEDIES, every Mother has at once the means of curing most complaints to which herself or Family is liable.

*N.B.—Advice Gratis at 78, New Oxford Street, late 533, Oxford Street, London, daily between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.*

**OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA**

**(ESTABLISHED 60 YEARS).**

The best and only certain remedy ever discovered for Preserving, Strengthening, Beautifying, or Restoring the

**HAIR, WHISKERS, OR MOUSTACHES,**

And Preventing them Turning Grey.

**PRICE 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. PER BOTTLE.**

**C. & A. OLDRIDGE,**

**22, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.**

*And all Chemists and Perfumers.*

For Children it is invaluable, as it forms the basis of a magnificent head of hair, prevents baldness in mature age, and obviates the use of dyes and poisonous restoratives.



**USE THE ORIGINAL  
& ONLY GENUINE  
WRIGHT'S  
COAL TAR  
SOAP**

**AN ELEGANT  
TOILET  
SOAP**

**TABLETS 6d. /  
BOXES 1/6**

**PRESCRIBED BY THE ENTIRE MEDICAL PROFESSION  
FOR THE CURE OF SKIN DISEASES.  
PROTECTS FROM MEASLES, SMALL POX & SCARLET FEVER.  
W. V. WRIGHT & CO. SOUTHWARK, LONDON.**

**F** RANCISCAN CONVENT OF THE  
IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,

*Portobello Road, Bayswater, W.*

Under the special patronage of the Cardinal  
Archbishop of Westminster.

The Religious of this Community receive a limited number of young ladies for education. The terms for the course are £50 per annum, which comprises all the usual branches of a sound English education, in which Latin, French, German, and every kind of needlework, are included. Music, drawing, and dancing are extras. The recreation grounds are spacious, and the locality a most healthy one. Children remaining at School for the Summer Vacation are taken to the sea-side.

For further particulars apply to the Mother  
Abbess







## ST. EDMUND'S COLLEGE, OLD HALL, WARE, HERTS.

PRESIDENT—THE RIGHT REV. P. FENTON.  
VICE-PRESIDENT—REV. WILLIAM LLOYD.

The College is situated within thirty miles of London, on the main road to Cambridge. The nearest station is Standon (about a mile and a quarter distant) on the Great Eastern Railway.

The courses of studies are variously adapted for (1) candidates to the priesthood, (2) those who are destined for the learned profession or for careers involving competitive examinations, and (3) those who are intended for commercial life.

For the COMMERCIAL or MODERN division great stress will be laid on précis writing, shorthand, mental arithmetic, and English composition.

For the CLASSICAL and SCIENTIFIC division the College is affiliated to the London University.

## ST. HUGH'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL (Adjoining the College).

PRESIDENT—THE RIGHT REV. P. FENTON.

An experienced matron superintends all that relates to the health and comfort of the children.

FOR PARTICULARS APPLY TO THE RIGHT REV. PRESIDENT.

## MOTTINGHAM HOUSE, MOTTINGHAM, NEAR ELTHAM, KENT,

TWELVE MINUTES' WALK FROM ELTHAM STATION.

(Removed from Blenheim House, Lee).

Establishment for the Preparation of Candidates for the Examinations for admission to the ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH; ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, SANDHURST. Also for the MILITIA, PRELIMINARY, LITERARY, AND FINAL EXAMINATIONS.

PRINCIPAL . . . REV. E. VON ORSBACH,  
Late Tutor to their Highnesses the Princes of Thurn and Taxis.

### TUTORIAL STAFF:

Higher Mathematics . . .	G. Merrit Reeves, Esq., M.A.; 13th Wrangler, 1873; late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge.
Mathematics . . .	J. A. Pease, Esq., and J. Sloane, Esq.
Classics: Latin and Greek . .	The Principal.
English: Language and History .	T. W. West, Esq., B.A. Oxon., sometime Scholar of Lincoln College.
French Language . . .	Mons. Victor Lemaire, M.A. Licencié-ès-Lettres, Paris.
German Language . . .	The Principal.
Sciences: Geology, Physics, and Chemistry . . .	Professor J. Morris.
Geography: Physical . . .	The Principal and J. Morris, Esq.
" Political . . .	The Principal.
Drawing: Geometrical, Freehand, and Perspective . . .	J. A. Pease, Esq.
Preliminary Subjects . . .	The Principal and J. Sloane, Esq.
Drill and Fencing . . .	Sergeant F. Myers, R.M.A., Woolwich.

*The pupils have the privilege of daily Mass in the house.*

FOR PARTICULARS APPLY TO THE PRINCIPAL.

# CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

President.

THE BISHOP OF SALFORD.

Hon. Secretaries.

REV. W. H. COLOGAN, Lilystone Hall, Ingatestone.  
JAMES BRITTEN, Esq., 18, West Square, Southwark, S.E.

Hon. Treasurer.

GEORGE WHITLAW, Esq., 18, Argyll Terrace, Kensington, W.

---

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION - - - TEN SHILLINGS.

---

## PUBLICATIONS NOW ON SALE.

OLD SERIES, ONE PENNY EACH.

**True Wayside Tales**, First and Second Series, pp. 36 each.

**Lingard Papers**, pp. 40.

**English and Irish Martyr Papers**, pp. 36.

NEW SERIES.

**Primary Education**. By Rev. Father SPLAINE (Second Edition) pp. 32, 1d. each.

**Positivism**, pp. 12, ½d. each, 2s. 6d. per 100.

**The P.P.P. : A Tract on Thrift**, pp. 4, 4d. per doz., 1s. per 100.

**Little Rosary Book (Illustrated)**, ½d. each, 3s. 6d. per 100.

„ The same in sheets for distribution as Rosary Ticket, 1d. each,  
6d. per 100.

**Short Indulged Prayers**

**Preparation for Confession, for Little Children**

**Short Morning and Night Prayers**

**Advice of Leo XIII. to Catholic Youth**, pp. 8, ½d. each, 2s. 6d. per 100.

} On Card, ½d. each.  
4d. doz. 2s. 6d.  
per 100.

---

*\*\* List of cheap and good Books, suitable for distribution, sent on application  
with stamps for postage.*

---

Address—18, West Square, Southwark, S.E.

## M. H. GILL AND SON'S LIST.

- The Virgin Mother of Good Counsel.** A History of the Ancient Sanctuary of Our Lady of Good Counsel in Genazzano, and of the Wonderful Apparition and Miraculous Translation of her Sacred Image from Scutari in Albania to Genazzano in 1467. To which is added a Chapter on the Miraculous Crucifix in the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel. By Mgr. GEORGE F. DILLON, D.D., Missionary Apostolic (a visitor from Sydney to the Shrine). New and cheaper edition, with Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5s.
- Spicilegium Ossoriense:** Being a Collection of Original Letters and Papers illustrative of the History of the Irish Church from the Reformation to the year 1800. By Most Rev. PATRICK F. MORAN, D.D., Archbishop of Sydney. Third Series. 4to, roxburgh, 16s.
- The Augustinian Manual.** Comprising a "Practical Prayer Book" for the Faithful in general, and complete book of Instruction for the Members of the Archconfraternity of the Cincture of SS. Augustine and Monica. By an Augustinian Father. New edition, revised. 18mo, cloth, red edges, 2s. 6d.; cape morocco, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.; best calf, red edges, 5s. 6d.; best morocco, gilt edges, 5s. 6d.
- The Christian instructed in the Nature and Use of Indulgences.** By the Rev. A. MAUREL, S.J. An approved translation of the Fourteenth French edition. By the Rev. PATRICK COSTELLOE. Revised and enlarged according to the latest decisions of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. Fourth edition. Royal 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
- The War of Antichrist with the Church and Christian Civilization, &c.** Lectures delivered in Edinburgh by Mgr. GEORGE F. DILLON, D.D., Missionary Apostolic, Sydney. 8vo, cloth, 5s.
- The Charity of the Church.** A Proof of her Divinity. From the Italian of his Eminence CARDINAL BALUFFI. With an Introduction by Rev. DENIS GARGAN, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
- The Spirit of St. Francis de Sales.** By Mgr. CAMUS, Bishop of Belley. Translated from the French. New and Cheaper Edition, revised. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
- Gems for the Young.** From favourite Poets. Edited by ROSA MULHOLLAND. With Six Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.  
\* \* Also in Six Series, cloth extra, 1s. each; cloth, red edges, 6d. each.
- 1794: A Tale of the Terror.** From the French of M. CHARLES D'HERICAULT. By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.
- Linda's Misfortunes and Little Brian's Trip to Dublin.** By CLARA MULHOLLAND. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 2s. 6d.
- The Mystical Flora of St. Francis de Sales; or the Christian Life under the emblem of Plants.** Translated by CLARA MULHOLLAND. With Introduction by the Most Rev. G. CONROY, D.D., Bishop of Ardagh. With Eight large full-page Illustrations, printed in colours. Fcap. 4to, cloth, 3s. 6d.
- The Postulant and Novice Studying her Vocation.** Translated from the French of M. l'Abbé LEGUAY by a Band of Novices, and affectionately dedicated to their Sister Novices of every Religious Order and Congregation. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
- Moral Discourses.** By the Rev. PATRICK O'KEEFE, C.C. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s.
- An Easy Method of Meditation; or, Practical Explanation of the Second Manner of Prayer of St. Ignatius.** By the Rev. F. X. SCHOUFFE, S.J. Translated from the French by L. M. N. With Preface by the Rev. A. MURPHY, S.J. 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
- The Practice of Interior Recollection with God.** Drawn from the Psalms of David. By FATHER PAUL SEGNERI, S.J. 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

\* \* Complete Catalogue will be sent gratis, and post free, on application.

M. H. GILL AND SON,  
50, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.

## AMERICAN NEW BOOKS.

## ALETHEIA;

OR,  
THE OUTSPOKEN TRUTH  
ON THE

All-important Question of Divine Authoritative Teaching.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE  
CATHOLIC RULE OF FAITH,

Contrasted with the various Theories of Private and Fallible Interpretation of the Sacred Scriptures, with a Full Explanation of the Whole Question of INFALLIBILITY, and Application of the Principles to the DEVELOPMENT of Catholic Doctrine, according to the needs of the times,

BY THE RIGHT REV. J. D. RICARDS, D.D.,

Bishop of Retimo, and Vicar-Apostolic of the Eastern Vicariate of the Cape Colony, and author of *Catholic Christianity and Modern Unbelief*.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MANNING.  
12mo, cloth, net, 80 cents.

With the Approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Louis.

## HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY DR. H. BRUECK.

With Additions from the Writings of His Eminence CARDINAL HERGENROETHER. Translated by Rev. E. PRUENTE. With an Introduction by Right Rev. Mgr. JAMES A. CORCORAN, S.T.D. Two vols., 8vo.; Vol. I., cloth, net, Two Dollars; Half calf, marble edges, net, Three Dollars. Postage, twenty cents extra per vol. Vol. II. ready about the 1st of July.

FOR SALE BY ALL CATHOLIC BOOKSELLERS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS,  
NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, AND ST. LOUIS.

## THOMAS BAKER,

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN THEOLOGICAL BOOKSELLER,  
1, SOHO SQUARE, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

Established 1849.

Commentaries on the Bible; Works of the Fathers, Schoolmen, and Church Historians; and Books for the Clergy generally.

*Catalogues of Selections published periodically, and sent post-free on application.*

LIBRARIES AND SMALLER LOTS OF BOOKS PURCHASED.

## PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED,

DUBLIN, 1865. PARIS, 1867. HONOURABLE MENTION INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.  
VIENNA, 1873.

## BOOK BINDING,

In the Monastic, Grolier, Maioli, and Illuminated Styles,

In the most superior manner, by English and Foreign Workmen.

JOSEPH ZAEHNSDORF,

36, CATHERINE STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.

# Burns and Oates' New List.

*Now Ready.*

A NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION OF THE

## LIFE OF JEAN JACQUES OLIER,

*Founder of the Seminary of St. Sulpice.*

By EDWARD HEALY THOMPSON, M.A.

Post 8vo, cloth, pp. xxxvi., 628. Price 15s.

The work bears the imprimatur of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and contains a Letter from his Lordship the Bishop of Salford.

## NEW BOOKS.

*Price 15s., Vol. I. of the*

**Literary and Biographical History**, or Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics. From the Breach with Rome, in 1534, to the Present Time. By JOSEPH GILLOW. This work will consist of Five Vols., demy 8vo, price per Vol., 15s.

**Life of St. Stanislaus Kostka, S.J.** Edited by EDWARD HEALY THOMPSON, M.A. Third Edition. Cloth, 5s.

**Nature and Thought.** By Prof. ST. GEORGE MIVART. Second Edition. Cloth, 4s.

"The complete command of the subject, the wide grasp, the subtlety, the readiness of illustration, the grace of style, contrive to render this one of the most admirable books of its class."—*British Quarterly Review*.

"We have nothing but praise and thanks for a book which will prove of equal use to the preacher, the theologian, and the man of the world."—*Dublin Review*.

**New Parish Priest's Practical Manual:** A work useful also for other Ecclesiastics, especially for Confessors and Preachers. By the Very Rev. JOSEPH FRASSINETTI. Translated from the Italian by WILLIAM HUTCH, D.D., President of St. Colman's College, Fermoy. Crown 8vo. Printed on extra superfine paper. New and Revised Edition. Cloth, 6s.

**Short Account of the Shrine at Genazzano and of the Devotion to the Mother of Good Counsel.** By Mgr. GADD. In stout cloth-lined wrapper, 6d.

*Ready Shortly.*

**The War of Antichrist with the Church and Christian Civilization, and the Spoliation of the Propaganda.** By the Right Rev. Mgr. GEORGE F. DILLON, D.D., Missionary Apostolic, Sydney. Cloth, imperial 8vo.

**Decreta Quatuor Conciliorum Provincialium Westminasteriensium.** 1852—1873. Adjectis Pluribus Decretis, Rescriptis, aliisque Documentis. Price 6s. net.

*Now Publishing.*

**John Tauler's "Following of Christ."** In One Vol. A work of great originality and significance, dwelling on the fundamental Christian principles of the Equality and the Brotherhood of Man underlying all the greatest humanitarian questions of this day and of all times. Price to Subscribers, 1s. 6d.; non-Subscribers, 2s. 6d. The Subscription List will close shortly.

*Will be Published, when sufficiently subscribed for.*

**The English Catholic Nonjurors of 1715:** being a Summary of the Register of their Estates, with Genealogical and other Notes, and an Appendix of Unpublished Documents in the Public Record Office. Edited by JOHN ORLEBAR PAYNE, M.A. One vol., demy 8vo. Price to Subscribers, 15s.; non Subscribers, £1 1s.

*Prospectuses and Forms of Subscription gratis on application.*

**London: 28, Orchard Street, W., and 63, Paternoster Row, E.C.**  
NEW YORK: 9, BARCLAY STREET.

---

## AMPLEFORTH COLLEGE, YORK.

CONDUCTED BY THE BENEDICTINE FATHERS.

Students prepared for Matriculation, Preliminaries, &c. Apply to the Very Rev. the Prior.

---

## CONVENT SCHOOL, MARK CROSS, NEAR TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

The SISTERS OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS, from St. Leonard's-on-Sea, conduct a BOARDING SCHOOL at this Convent, where the Pupils receive, besides a careful religious training, a solid English Education, including French, Drawing, and the various kinds of Needlework.

The pension is £18 per annum, or £6 per Term, payable in advance. Music, £1 10s. per Term. Entrance Fee, £1 1s.

---

## CATHOLIC PRAYER BOOKS.

CHARLES EASON,

PUBLISHER, 13, ASTON'S QUAY, DUBLIN.

These Prayer Books are published under Episcopal Approbation, and are noted for excellence of typography and bindings.

*Catalogues, Wholesale or Retail, on application. Shippers and the Trade supplied.*

London Agents:—WILLIAMS and BUTLAND, 47, Little Britain.

---

*Now ready. Price 2s. 6d. including postage.*

## MANUAL FOR THE USE OF THE SODALITIES OF OUR LADY.

*Affiliated to the Prima Primaria.*

The Manual contains a Translation of the Rules of the Prima Primaria, the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception in Latin and English, the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, the Office for the Dead, and various Hymns, Prayers, &c., suitable to Sodalists.

---

## THE ORDER FOR THE DEDICATION OR CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ROMAN PONTIFICAL.

*Price 1s. 6d.*

---

JAMES STANLEY, MANRESA PRESS, ROEHAMPTON, LONDON, S.W.

A. D. D. C.

## MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, CHESTERFIELD, DERBYSHIRE.

Conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.

This College provides a thoroughly sound classical and commercial education at a very moderate Pension. The course of studies is directed to Matriculation at the London University. The College is situated nine miles from Sheffield, seven miles from Chesterfield, and one mile from Eckington Station (N.M.R.).

For particulars apply to the Rector, Rev. JOHN CLAYTON, Mount St. Mary's, Chesterfield; Rev. PETER GALLWEY, III, Mount Street, London; Rev. JAMES CLARE, 8, Salisbury Street, Liverpool; Rev. W. LAWSON, Portsmouth Street, Manchester; Rev. THOMAS HILL, Trenchard Street, Bristol.

## ST. CHARLES' COLLEGE, ST. CHARLES' SQUARE, NOTTING HILL, W.

*Founded by H. E. the Cardinal Archbishop, and conducted by the Oblates of St. Charles, assisted by competent Professors.*

For particulars apply to the Rector, the Very Rev. R. Butler, D.D.; the Very Rev. Father Superior of the Oblates of St. Charles, St. Mary of the Angels', Bayswater; or the Very Rev. Canon Johnson, D.D., Archbishop's House, Westminster.

The Oblate Fathers take charge of the moral and intellectual training of the Day Scholars equally with that of the Resident Students.

## ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, OSCOTT, ERDINGTON, WARWICKSHIRE.

STUDENTS ARE PREPARED FOR THE ARMY, THE NAVY, AND THE PROFESSIONS.

For Terms, &c., apply to the President, as above.

## ST. GEORGE'S COLLEGE, WEYBRIDGE.

Under the direction of the Josephites,

(A Congregation exclusively devoted to the Teaching of the Upper and Middle Classes).

This College HAS REMOVED from CROYDON TO WEYBRIDGE, to the seat of the late Lord Kilmorey.

"A demesne of great beauty, pleasant woods and lofty heights" (Black's *Guide to Surrey*), beautifully sheltered by a belt of evergreens. The Estate is in a favourite locality, surrounded by private parks, and contains Farm, Kitchen-garden, Bakery, Swimming-bath, Gymnasium, Cricket and Football Field, with Pavilion. An important addition was made in 1878 to the Mansion, and the whole Establishment has been fitted up with all requisites for a First-class College.

The PRINCIPAL FEATURE OF THE COLLEGE will be as heretofore, the care given to the teaching of Modern Languages. A Large Staff of Masters permits personal supervision and individual training. The Course of Studies comprises all the subjects of a Classical and Liberal Education, and is divided into three Departments:

CLASSICAL, MODERN, and PREPARATORY.

Junior Boys occupy a separate building.

The College is within five minutes' walk from Addlestone Station, which is reached in about thirty-five minutes from Waterloo or from Clapham Junction Stations.

For further particulars apply to the Very Rev. L. O. POWELS, C.J., President, St. George's College, Weybridge.



## THE ABBEY SCHOOL, FORT AUGUSTUS, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

---

1. The mountain air and mild climate of Fort Augustus render this school very suitable for delicate boys.
  2. The Curriculum is designed to impart to the sons of gentlemen a Liberal Education, while the discipline aims at fitting them for the world.
  3. The Studies are conducted by Fathers of the Benedictine Order, assisted by Lay University Masters.
  4. French is taught by a Frenchman who thoroughly understands English and has had much experience with English boys.
  5. German, as an optional substitute for Greek, forms part of the ordinary course.
  6. The Doctor of the locality visits the school regularly twice a week.
  7. A Matron superintends the Wardrobes and sees to the requirements of the smaller boys.
- 

### ST. BENEDICT'S HALL.

In connection with the Abbey School a HALL has been opened for the reception of young men between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one years who wish to pursue more advanced studies or prepare for one of the learned professions or for any special examinations.

---

*The following persons lecture in the Hall:*

The Very Rev. FATHER PRIOR.

Dom ELPHEGE CODY, Sub-Prior.

Dom MICHAEL BARRETT, O.S.B.

Dom OSWALD HUNTER BLAIR, O.S.B., M.A. Oxon.

Dom MARTIN WALL, O.S.B., M.A. Cantab.

W. E. POYNTER, Esq., M.A., L.L.M. Cantab.

W. BRIGGS, Esq., B.Sc. London.

Herr CARL MAX MULLER, Royal Conservatorium, Würzburg.

Monsieur BOURGEAT, Certificat d'Etudes Classiques de Paris.

---

For Terms, &c. apply to Very Rev. Prior VAUGHAN, O.S.B., address as above.

## *Catholics at the English Universities.*

---

### II.—THE SPECIAL DANGERS OF RESIDENCE AT A PROTESTANT UNIVERSITY.

I IMAGINE that the evils which are the result of being in a small minority have in many respects borne more heavily on Catholics in England since the Emancipation Act than they did previously. The justice done us and the liberty granted us have not been at all an unmixed benefit. Before that time we enjoyed the privileges as well as endured the disadvantages of persecution and isolation. The line of demarcation between Catholics and those outside the Church was more sharp and clear. We were more conscious of being "a chosen generation, a holy nation, a purchased people," and of dwelling in light which shone bright amid surrounding darkness. There was more *esprit de corps*, more hatred of heresy, more consciousness of our responsibilities. If we were deprived of social influence, legislative power, official position, educational prestige, we were also saved from the countless dangers which the possession of these advantages entails. If we were excluded from the bench of magistrates, the Houses of Parliament, the schools and universities of the country, I am inclined to think that we were safer in our comparative seclusion than in the enjoyment of a perfect equality with our non-Catholic neighbours. It is said that since Emancipation there have been more defections from the Faith, more open violations of the Church's laws among the old Catholic families, than in days when they lived in their own circle, and when it was a point of honour as well as of duty to be faithful to the religion of their ancestors.

But Catholics in the present day must, in spite of this, accept with gratitude the changed condition of affairs. Catholicity has a moral influence now that it was impossible for it to exercise in the days of exclusion and persecution. The friendly intercourse of Catholics and Protestants has been most effectual in breaking down the barriers of bigotry and prejudice. Hundreds

of poor children who would in the old days have been educated as Protestants, are now saved to the Church by greater fairness of Guardians and workhouse officials, and by the exertions of influential Catholics on their behalf. The stream of conversions flowing steadily into the Church would scarcely have been possible unless the Emancipation Act had been passed. One result of the change is of necessity the freer association, in almost every walk of life, of Catholics with those outside the Church. In spite of the comparative smallness of our numbers, the Catholic Church has representatives everywhere. In the army and navy and Government offices, in the various learned professions, in the bank and house of business, they are scattered promiscuously here and there among their non-Catholic fellow-countrymen. Many of them are doing a good work for God among their companions, and by their exemplary life and conversation are winning over first one and then another to admire a religion which produces such fruits in the lives of those who profess it. Others, unhappily, bring scandal on the Church by their unfaithfulness or their neglect, and are dragged along by the stream, when they ought to be making headway against it.

The dangers to which Catholics are exposed whose lot is thus cast in the midst of those who are aliens to their Faith, vary almost indefinitely. There are some positions in life where the corrupting influences are so great that nothing but absolute necessity can justify the Catholic in accepting them. There are others where the danger is far less, but yet is so considerable that at least a good reason is required to make it right to enter upon them. In others again there is comparative safety from temptation. The lawfulness of accepting these different positions depends on various considerations. Where the danger is an intrinsic one, and the position involves of its own nature something contrary to faith or morals, nothing can make it lawful to a Catholic. Nothing could justify him in holding any office where it would be required of him, not merely to be present at, but to take part in a religious service conducted by heretics. Where the danger is an accidental one, but is so great as to be a proximate cause of sin, it is again *ipso facto* forbidden. Where the danger is more or less remote, there must be a good reason for accepting it, corresponding in inverse proportion to the remoteness of the danger. In this last case, I mean where there is a necessity or a sufficient reason for entering on a life

among non-Catholics, the young Catholic will receive from God a special protection from the dangers which surround him, and a grace enabling him to avoid all contamination from the contact with evil.

The question which immediately concerns us is whether the case of a student at a Protestant University is one of those in which this special protection may be looked for. It is obviously not an instance of a position intrinsically and by its own nature unlawful, for in this case permission for it could not under any possible circumstances be granted. What we have to decide is whether it corresponds to that of a Catholic preparing for one of the learned professions in London or elsewhere. We shall find that the comparison will throw a great deal of light on the University question. We often are told that the two cases are exactly similar, or rather that there is a greater danger to the Catholic fresh from Oscott or Ushaw or Stonyhurst, who is suddenly embarked on life in London, than to one who is sent to a Protestant University. We are told that the general tone of morality is at least as high, and perhaps higher, at Oxford and Cambridge than in a cavalry regiment, or among the clerks in a London bank, or among young lawyers or medical students; that the supervision exercised by the disciplinary officers of an University affords a safeguard which is not found in any of these professions, that regular hours must be kept, that breaches of discipline and moral offences are severely punished, and that the moderate amount of control, half way between school life and perfect freedom, is a useful stepping-stone to the boy who has hitherto been accustomed to the discipline of a Catholic college. There is a certain semblance of truth in this, and we quite allow that for Catholics there is a gap which is to be regretted between school life and life in the world. The need of some sort of special training for young men just entering on life is quite undeniable. If it were not felt, there would never have arisen the question respecting residence at Oxford or Cambridge. The question is not whether an University is needed for Catholics, but whether a Protestant University supplies the want, and whether the mischief it is likely to do to faith and morals does not far outbalance the modicum of supervision exercised by Proctors and college officers of discipline. It is not easy to ascertain whether the moral tone of undergraduates is higher or lower than that of lawyers or soldiers or doctors. In some Colleges it is considerably higher, at others I do not think it is.

On the whole I am inclined to think that there is not very much difference between the two, but that the balance is perhaps in favour of University men. The fact of a large number of them (some thirty per cent. at a rough calculation) being intended for the Anglican ministry, induces a certain sobriety and tends to banish the grosser vices from their general conversation, and to give them a sense of responsibility in view of their life as clergymen. I do not consider the *immediate* danger to morality (taking it in the ordinary and conventional sense) as the evil which is most to be feared at a Protestant University. It is the danger to faith and morals, including in the latter term not chastity alone, but humility, piety, love of God, zeal for religion, hatred of sin. It is primarily the danger to faith, and to purity of morals as being bound up with and depending upon brightness and purity of faith. But this will appear more clearly as we proceed.

I have said that a special protection is granted to Catholics who are in the duties of their calling in life brought into contact with Protestants. It is unnecessary to remind my readers that God gives to every man on each separate occasion of temptation grace sufficient to enable him to avoid sin. But owing to the corruption of our will and the frailty of our nature, grace which in itself is sufficient to enable us to win the victory over temptation does not in point of fact prevail in a large majority of cases. Men reject grace, harden themselves against grace, turn away from grace, neglect grace, and in every kind of way weaken its power over their wayward wills. Hence God, in His pity for our weakness, provides us with all sorts of graces over and above the mere sufficient grace. There is additional grace given in reward for our acceptance of former graces; grace given to us as a reward for the virtues of our relations and ancestors; grace which is the fruit of prayers offered in our behalf, and countless other graces beside. Among those special graces is one which is very specially necessary to us. Every vocation and position in life has its own dangers, trials, and temptations. If our position is one which is lawful in itself and lawful to us; if it is one which is approved by authority and sanctioned by Catholic usage, God gives us in connection with it a special grace to meet the dangers belonging to it and to cultivate the virtues it needs. The judge has a grace of wisdom to judge aright and with integrity. The merchant has the special graces needed for commerce; the soldier those required for the perils of a soldier's

life. Each lawful calling has its own peculiar grace. This grace is commonly called *gratia statth*. It is given abundantly to those who are in that state to which they believe God to have called them; and it is given in a lesser degree even to those who have mistaken their vocation, so long as their present vocation is one recognized and approved by lawful authority.

Here it is that the Catholic student at a Protestant University is altogether at a disadvantage with the young Catholic embarked in one of the professions. He has no special *gratia statth*, inasmuch as his position among Protestants is unnecessary and gratuitous. It is one which the authority of the Church discountenances and disapproves, and does everything but positively and strictly forbid. There are special graces for the soldier, special graces for barrister and solicitor, special graces for the young doctor, but no special graces connected with the career of a student at Oxford and Cambridge; no special graces to guard him against dangers to his faith, no special graces to preserve his innocence. He is in a false position. When occasions of danger arise there is not the strength added to his will to resist, the same internal voice gently guiding him to good. To the man who is thrown among Protestants out of the necessity of his profession, there is a distinct grace arming him against the distinct dangers arising from his *entourage*, against the licentious talk, the bad example, the attacks made upon his faith. The student at Oxford and Cambridge has no *professional* grace, because he has neither embarked on any lawful profession nor on any course of study required for any lawful profession. When Catholic boys are sent to the house of a crammer for the Army, Navy, or Civil Service, it is because it is only in this way that they can obtain admission into their future professional career. Everybody regards the crammer as a necessary evil. His house abounds in dangers, moral and spiritual, for young Catholics. But he at least trains for professions into which it is almost impossible to find entrance on the mere strength of a College training. Happily the energy and ability of a Catholic priest is now carrying on with efficiency and success a house of special training for those professions, and has done much to meet what was a serious evil, and to relieve Catholics from the necessity of launching a boy into an atmosphere which was often most injurious. But as long as the necessity existed, and so far as it still exists, there are special graces which



have carried many a Catholic boy untainted through the corrupt society of a Protestant crammer's house. But the case of the Undergraduate at Oxford or Cambridge is quite different. There is no profession in the world for which the Oxford or Cambridge degree is indispensable. Hence there is no special grace attaching to a course of study pursued there. Now, as we can do nothing without the grace of God; as without grace supporting us we cannot avoid sin for a day or for an hour; as our frailty is ever prone to betray us even when we are walking in the path God has chosen for us, and to which He has attached graces specially appropriate to it, what must be the peril of one who is walking in a perilous path, which is entered upon without any sort of necessity and is frowned upon, if not forbidden, by the authority of the Church?

But there is another disadvantage peculiar to the Catholic undergraduate, and from which one who is engaged in some profession or business is exempt. Both the one and the other have to mix, we will suppose, to a great degree in the society of Protestants, to share their company, to join in their occupations, to engage in their pursuits. We will suppose that they, in both cases, live with Protestants, work with Protestants, study with Protestants. Now the danger to the faith of the Catholic mainly results from the influence of those around him exerted in antagonism to his religion, and this influence necessarily depends chiefly on the subjects they are together engaged in. There is no special danger to the Catholic faith from the fact of common drill and a common study of regulations of the Queen's service. Nor, again, is there any intrinsic peril attaching to his having to attend law lectures with non-Catholics, or to read in common with them in the chambers of a non-Catholic barrister or solicitor; nor does the office work of a bank, or the physiological investigations of the laboratory or dissecting-room involve any direct danger. All these subjects of study have no sort of direct connection with the faith. They are technical and professional, and it is only if the lecturer goes outside his subject that he can say or suggest anything likely to do harm to his Catholic listeners.

In an University, on the other hand, the very opposite is the case. Its very character as an University, if it deserves its name and fulfils its functions, is to investigate the principles which underlie all knowledge and all faith. If not, it is not an University, but a technical school. If it is an University,



theology, the queen of sciences, must be prominent among the subjects of study, and though the necessities of a false religion cramp theological investigation and compel an utterly one-sided and crippled treatment of the most fundamental theological questions, yet there is a school of theology at both Universities, and the large number of University men who become Protestant clergymen give it a prominence and an interest which is not likely to fade away, at least so long as Anglicanism retains its present dominant position.

Theology, however, cannot be said to give its tone to the studies of either of the two great Protestant Universities. It is philosophy which, at all events at Oxford, moulds the minds of the ablest of the students, and brings in the richest harvest, and leads on to the most successful career at the University. Not philosophy as it is understood in Catholic schools, but a general survey of the various schools of philosophy, from the early philosophy of Greece down to the latest theory of the present day. The object to be aimed at is not to impart a solid knowledge of what is true as opposed to what is false, but to introduce the student to the thousand and one systems of philosophy which have been invented by the leading philosophers of the world. He has to enter as far as he can into the spirit of each, to understand his doctrines, to be able to give an intelligent appreciation of his teaching, to point out his weak and strong points. Aristotle, indeed, is professedly the basis of Oxford teaching, but anything like a thorough knowledge, even of the central principles of Aristotelianism, is rare, and "the philosopher" (as St. Thomas calls him) is known to the large majority through the onesided exponents, and books and essays which show no real grasp of his teaching as a consistent whole. It is Grote's Aristotle, Grant's Aristotle, Lewes' Aristotle, the Aristotle of this or that professor, who is familiar to the student, not Aristotle himself, except in the very limited portion which is prescribed for examinations. As to scholastic philosophy, it is entirely ignored as having invented nothing new and the leading scholastics are scarcely named in text-books in common use.

If the philosophy of Oxford gives its colour to the teaching of the University, history scarcely plays a less important part. Now history introduces of necessity a thousand moot questions between Protestantism and the Catholic Church. It is impossible to avoid the whole question of the Papacy and its claims and its influence on European civilization. Even ancient history

can scarcely be studied without the introduction of various religious questions which bear less directly, but perhaps not less fundamentally, on the value of positive and dogmatic belief. At Oxford the philosophy of history is very rightly put in the forefront in the historical teaching, and this introduces the influence of religion and philosophy on the development of nations. Historical parallels necessarily are suggested, and the rather doubtful adage that history repeats itself sets the mind of the student a-thinking, and is applied by his teacher without the least intentional motive to the detriment of the claims of Rome to supremacy. Even literature pure and simple can scarcely exclude the element of religious controversy, hidden it may be and kept in the background. A number of thoughtful men will find it difficult to read together the poetry and orators of Rome without having their thoughts turned in a direction which introduces such matters as pagan civilization, which, in all its grossness and vice, is recommended with unblushing advocacy by a school of Renaissance which Oxford Liberalism has sent forth out of its degenerate bosom.

Thus the chief studies of Oxford, in contrast with the pursuits of those who are already embarked on some profession or business, involve not only contact with Protestant minds and opinions, but contact with them on those very subjects where their influence is most injurious to the forming of Catholic faith. It is an egregious fallacy to say that there is less danger at Oxford to faith and morals, because the general tone is higher. Whether this is so or not, does not affect the chief point at issue. The chief danger arises not from the professional contact, but from the intellectual contact, on matters educational, not professional: where the mind is necessarily directed to that which moulds its principles and forms its habits. It is in these that the surrounding atmosphere affects so intensely, for good or for evil, the young intelligence which is subject to it, matters where the object proposed is to mould the intelligence and determine for life its attitude towards the central questions with which humanity has to deal, matters in which and by which the student comes to be trained and educated to acquire habits of thought, not those in which he seeks more for certain technical and special knowledge which has at best but a remote bearing on first principles and matters of Divine faith.

But it is not merely the surrounding intellectual atmosphere

that is so dangerous to the Catholic student. There is a worse evil—one which is perhaps the greatest evil incident to mixed education, or at all events to mixed education where the educators are non-Catholics. In order to derive full benefit from any system of education, it is necessary for the pupil to have perfect confidence in his instructors. If he is to profit by their teaching, he must look up to them, have a certain faith in them, regard their opinion as superior to his own, accept their facts unquestioned, and have a loyal inclination to regard their conclusions as true. To put a young man under a master without this is to injure him intellectually and morally. If a very decided "allopathist" suspect the lecturer whose course he is attending of homœopathic leanings, he is not likely to derive great benefit from his lectures, on account of the hesitation and distrust with which he will regard all he hears from him. He will be in a critical and negative attitude, and this is fatal to the acquirement of solid knowledge. A student of theology devoted to St. Thomas will hardly profit much from a professor whom he knows to be a Scotist, or a free-trader studying political economy from a teacher whom he suspects of protectionist leanings. There must be no radical opposition of theory between teacher and taught, no fundamental diversity of principle. Every one who is engaged in any branch of study is conscious, or at least partly conscious, of the necessity of this union of sentiment between himself and his master, and will naturally desire to avoid the waste of energy that any conflict of opinion between them involves. He will find it to his interest to place himself as far as possible in a docile and receptive attitude if he is to learn all he can, to throw himself into his teacher's point of view, to see with his eyes, and to adopt his hypotheses where hypothesis is required, and his explanation of historical events if they are studying together the records of the past. The young Catholic, moreover, has been trained to submission to those set over him, in a way unknown to his Protestant fellow-students; from his childhood he has accepted unchallenged the teaching of his instructors on the most important of all subjects. Any captious questioning of the statements of those who are set over him is contrary to the Catholic spirit of obedience, any disregard of the principles they lay down is regarded by him as a piece of presumption. When he is placed under Protestant teaching, this habit of loyalty must transfer itself to some extent to

his new guides. His father, or guardian, has placed him under the care of these men, and therefore he owes them the duty of obedience of the intellect as well as of the will; he would consider it an impertinence in him to question their teaching. Of course he will disregard anything they say against the faith, but on matters of philosophy, history, science, where there is no evident conflict between his religion and their teaching, he will sit at their feet and listen to them with loyal submission. Of course they know a great deal more about the subject than he does, and it would be very unseemly in him to be always cavilling and criticizing, inventing some imaginary opposition between the system of philosophy they regard as true and the principles of Catholicity; it would be most unbecoming in him, young and inexperienced as he is, to set up his judgment against theirs, unless he is perfectly certain that the higher claims of his loyalty to his faith require it.

Thus the very principles of docility with which the young Catholic has been imbued are a source of danger to him when he falls into the hands of non-Catholic guides. He is in a false position, and like all men in a false position, experiences a struggle between two opposing influences within him. On the one hand, there is the paramount duty to his religion, and the instinctive hatred of all that puts itself in opposition, directly or indirectly, immediately or remotely, to his faith. On the other, there is the duty of submission and humility, of not preferring his own opinion before the opinion of those who are placed over him, of putting himself in the attitude of obedience to his superiors, and of following their guidance whenever he has no well-grounded reason for thinking that it is in opposition to the law of God. On the one hand, he knows that he has to be perpetually on his guard, and ought to look on all non-Catholic teachers in subjects which have any sort of bearing, however indirect, on religious truth, with a continual suspicion, and with a watchful if not an hostile eye. On the other, those habits of docility to which he has been trained from his childhood lead him to put himself into the hands of those who are his appointed guides with a childlike confidence which is foreign to the Protestant temper, and which is, under the circumstances which surround him at a non-Catholic University, a source of weakness instead of a source of strength. If such a young man is not to be pitied, I do not know who is.

But are the principles of University teaching so directly subversive of the faith as to render the danger to the faith involved in their acceptance any more than a remote one? If Aristotelianism is the basis of the philosophy, what could be better? If history is read to a great extent in original sources, or at all events in the works of impartial and large-minded historians, it ought to confirm the young Catholic in his faith rather than to shake his loyalty? And in Greek and Roman literature there surely cannot be any danger, any more than in the study of medicine and law?

I have already said that though Aristotle is nominally the basis of Protestant philosophy, yet it is really so about as much as the Fathers of the Church are the basis of Protestant theology, and the knowledge possessed of the former by Oxford teachers is just about as much as the acquaintance with Augustine, Chrysostom, and Basil possessed by Anglican divines. Here and there one and another is really well read in the philosopher, as here and there an Anglican theologian is well read in the Fathers; in a fairly large number of instances some one treatise has been mastered, the Politics, Ethics, or Rhetoric, just as Chrysostom *de Sacerdotio*, and Augustine *de Civitate Dei*, are carefully read by many Protestant theological students. But the grasp of the doctrines of Aristotle in their general bearing is about the same as the grasp of the teaching of the Fathers by the prominent Anglican professors. As the latter reject the exposition of Patristic doctrine as expounded in Catholic theologians, so the former reject the exposition of Aristotelianism in St. Thomas and the Schoolmen. As the latter read their own theories into the Fathers, and where there is a manifest contradiction between their own ideas and the teaching of Basil or Augustine, ruthlessly reject the obnoxious Doctor, so the teacher of Oxford philosophy reads his own theories into Aristotle, and explains away or rejects what does not square with the light of the nineteenth century. In point of fact, Protestant philosophy is, from the very first page of Logic, hostile to Catholic dogma. Here I can speak from experience—*Experto credite*. One of my chief difficulties in Catholic teaching was the doctrine of Transubstantiation. I could not see how it could possibly be true, taking, as I did, as a sort of first principle of my philosophical belief, that the true doctrine of substance was that which was first taught (or at least, obscurely hinted) in the writings of Locke. It never occurred to me that

the old mediæval doctrine was true, and that the moderns were one and all running after an *ignis fatuus*. For nearly ten years I had accepted the teaching of modern text-books and Oxford professors unchallenged, and it had sunk into my mind and taken firm root there. I had imbibed it in all good faith, with a mass of other rubbish, which still from time to time reappears and asserts its ancient claims, and only vanishes from my intellectual horizon when I see clearly how it is utterly incompatible with the principles of Catholic philosophy, and leads on, often subtly and cunningly, to some sceptical conclusion or heretical doctrine. This doctrine of substance, shallow and unfounded as it is, is common to all non-Catholic schools of philosophy, and Protestant philosophers, however completely opposed on most points, would agree in gaping in open-mouthed wonder at any one who should assert that the old scholastic, mediæval doctrine of substance is true, and that the modern theory is false and ridiculous. To the young Oxford student the modern theory is taught at the beginning of his philosophical studies, and even before this, at the opening of the Logic which he presents in his first public examination, he has put before him a theory of Universals which is either nominalist or conceptualist, and is taught to despise the true doctrine of scholastic Realism.

Thus from the very first the logic taught him is all wrong, at least in principle. The psychology is all wrong, and the metaphysics worse still. He learns that all knowledge is relative, that the absolute is out of our reach, that there is no radical distinction between the concept of the intellect and the phantasm of the imagination, and a hundred other philosophical heresies which cut at the root of all sound knowledge and of all faith. Happily men do not carry out their opinions to their logical conclusion, and there are few who do not harbour at least some propositions materially contradictory without being conscious of the contradiction, and therefore many Catholics who have passed through Oxford, and been taught the philosophy of Oxford, and assimilated its false principles, have not discovered the contradiction between them and the Catholic faith. But it is obviously a fatal policy to trust to the inconsistency of human nature and to the slowness of human intelligence. The ablest men will be the first to discover that they have imbibed principles which are incompatible with faith; in proportion to their thorough mastery of the subjects they are



being taught will be the perils to their faith. The more they rise (or fall) to their Professor's standpoint the greater their danger. What chance have even the ablest of being able to sift out the sound doctrine from the poison, or even of discovering at all that it is poison, rank poison, which is being administered to them? Their teacher has the advantage of position, age, knowledge, experience. How can a mere boy venture to assert or even to think that he is being taught very questionable principles? How can he discern the direction whither such principles are tending, and the precipice which threatens at no such very great distance if he allow them to lead him far enough?

But if the student (or his advisers) say to himself: "I know that Oxford philosophy is dangerous, but in the history school I am at least safe enough," he will find that he is involved in perils scarcely less threatening to faith. It is impossible to teach history or to write history or to read history without a bias. In the history of the mediæval struggles between the Holy See and the temporal sovereigns of Europe, the leaning to one side or the other must, from the very necessities of human nature, tinge not only the general view taken of the contest, but also the motives imputed to one side or the other, and even the very facts adduced. If the Popes were not the Vicars of Christ they were arrant impostors, and however carefully the non-Catholic lecturer on history may gild over and veil the imposture he attributes to them, it still remains in his mind as the basis of the claim put forward by Rome. If bishops and priests had no sacerdotal character, no claim to a dignity greater than that of any earthly princes and potentates, they were most unwarrantable rebels, who asserted for themselves certain supernatural powers which were a pure fiction, by means of which they tyrannized over the people. What book can be more dangerous to the Catholic student than Gibbon's? and what lecturer than one who lectures in Gibbon's spirit, and with Gibbon's infidel opinions? His charm of style and plausibility of statement make him most attractive to the young, and win over their sympathies before they realize the drift of his narrative. Even ancient history assumes a different aspect when viewed with a Catholic or a non-Catholic eye. Any one who reads Grote's *Greece* with care will detect in it a vein of scepticism, disparaging and discountenancing all supernatural belief. I am not mentioning these books as books which ought necessarily to be sealed to



Catholics, but as instances of the danger of the study of history when taught by one hostile or indifferent to the Church, and of the bias which he must impart to those who listen to him as pupils, and look to him for the guidance which is to lead them on to success in the history schools of the University.

Even literature, pure and simple, is by no means exempt from perils. It is impossible that a non-Catholic should take the same view of heathen sentiment and heathen morality as one who has been trained up in the school of Catholic piety. I remember hearing a Professor of Poetry, in my time at the University, compare Pagan and Christian writers in respect of loftiness of sentiment and dignity of expression, and after quoting a very beautiful passage from one of the choruses of Sophocles, declare triumphantly, "I should like to see St. Paul or St. Francis beat *that*!" I remember hearing another Professor of Literature, while lecturing on Greek civilization, devote a whole lecture to Pagan vice, on the ground that there was "a dark side to the civilization of Greece which must not be overlooked." I was even then shocked at such a subject being treated before an audience of young men of eighteen or twenty years old. The lecture was of course couched in the most carefully chosen language, and there was not a gross or a coarse word in it; but for this very reason it was the more dangerous, and I shall never forget the breathless silence with which it was listened to. Many of the little group of Renaissance poets or *littérateurs* who have issued from the Protestant Universities during the last quarter of a century, and have openly advocated Pagan in contrast with Christian civilization, were friends or pupils of the Professor who delivered this lecture, and I do not think I am going beyond the fact if I trace to his influence a good deal of their present attitude to Christianity and Christian morality.

Thus around the Catholic student at the Protestant Universities there gather dangers both intrinsic and extrinsic, both negative and positive, over and above the dangers which surround the student of law or medicine, the young officer in the army or the navy, or the *employé* in office, bank, or house of business. I mean by the intrinsic dangers those which are of necessity involved in the very studies in which he is engaged, and which of their own nature are such as expose him to perversion, or at all events endanger the brightness of his faith and the purity of his morals. I mean by the extrinsic dangers

those which result from those studies being pursued in a non-Catholic society, and under non-Catholic teachers whose attitude towards Catholicity is necessarily hostile. The very men to whom he is taught to look for guidance and direction are the very men who are bound to guide him wrong and to direct him towards error instead of truth. He can scarcely avoid having to turn his attention to questions of philosophy and history which bear directly on his religion, and the philosophical teaching he receives is the more dangerous because the contradiction between it and the dogmas of Catholicity is not apparent at first sight, and the unwary student sucks in the poison without knowing that it is poison. The books he has to read, and the Professors whose lectures he has to attend, one and all teach a philosophy incompatible with Christian teaching, and leading on directly to utter scepticism. How can he listen to them so as to enter into them and gain knowledge from them, without detriment to his faith? By the negative dangers to which the student at a Protestant University is exposed, I mean the omission of the supernatural end of things Divine, where from the very nature of the case they ought to find a place. In the philosophy no treatise *De Deo*, in the literature no recognition of the superiority of the moral standard of Christianity, in the history no leaning to the religious side of the various questions which agitated Europe in the middle ages, but rather a secret jealousy and dislike of anything savouring of sacerdotalism. Of the positive dangers, both intrinsic and extrinsic, I need say nothing further, except that they tend to increase rather than to diminish, and that, as I have said, the Universities are less suited now to the Catholic student than they were half a century or a quarter of a century ago, and will, as far as we can see, become still less suited to him a quarter of a century or half a century hence.

I have been speaking primarily of the dangers incident to Honour rather than to Pass students, and it may occur to the reader that the ordinary undergraduate, who aspires to nothing beyond a plain Degree, will be but little affected by them. He will mix with his equals, forsooth, and make friendships, and knock up against his fellows, and learn how to conduct himself in society, and row, and play at cricket and football, and attend lectures (as rarely as possible), and scramble through examinations, and pick up all that general "culture" which is to prepare him for the life of an English gentleman.

All this is perfectly true, and I should be sorry to undervalue these advantages. But in point of fact the Passman is very considerably affected by Oxford philosophy and the general anti-Catholic spirit of the University. It is the Honour men who give the tone and set the intellectual fashion. It is they who create the atmosphere which the Passmen breathe. It is they who lead the way, and the Passmen follow in their steps. In one way the Passman is in greater danger, in that his training is more superficial, and it is more necessary for him to accept the teaching of his non-Catholic tutor with unquestioning confidence. I have heard it said that if you want to succeed in the Honour schools of Oxford, you must be careful not to think too much for yourself, and this is advice still more necessary for Passmen. The poison they imbibe is very much less in amount, but they take it in with a more complete receptivity. They are, moreover, idle as a class. There are of course exceptions, and I have known men who have lived laborious days and worked with exemplary perseverance in their attainment of a Pass. But, as a rule, I do not believe that there are any solid advantages gained for after-life by the mere fact of residence, apart from the intellectual cultivation of the Honour schools. It may be useful in some ways: it may teach a man to find his level, it may enable him to acquire certain useful accomplishments, it may gain for him many pleasant friendships. But the advantages are rather transient and superficial, and have many countervailing disadvantages and dangers. At all events, they are not such as to justify the exposure of young Catholics to the anti-Catholic atmosphere of a Protestant University. What the advocate of Residence at a Protestant University has to show is not that there are certain advantages, chiefly incidental and collateral, attaching to it, but that it is in some sort necessary, or at all events most desirable. If we have to weigh the advantages against the disadvantages and find the balance to be in favour of the former only on mature consideration, it thereby stands condemned. For the mere passman this certainly is the case, quite apart from any question of religion.

The actual effect of residence at Oxford or Cambridge on the Catholic students who have studied there, is a very important element in the question we are considering. Yet it is an element which it is necessary altogether to omit, for the simple reason that there are no sufficient data enabling us to

express an opinion about it. Nor if there were, would it be expedient to attempt the invidious task of pronouncing upon it. It would of course be of great interest to know what has been the present attitude towards religion on those who have studied at Oxford or Cambridge, whether in point of fact they have been injured in faith and morals by their residence there. But I should be very sorry to say a word that might appear to cast a slur on those who, through God's mercy, have escaped the ordeal unscathed. All honour to them if, in spite of all the perils which they have encountered, they have passed, with a faith untarnished and an innocence untainted, through their time of trial! Whether they are many or few is known only to God. But whether many or few, the danger is the same. It is no reason for exposing our sons to contagion that some men of exceptionally vigorous health have apparently received no harm from it, or have completely recovered from whatever passing injury they may have suffered. This at least I think I may say, without fear of offence, that those who have escaped unharmed, have every possible reason to thank God for their wonderful preservation.

R. F. CLARKE.

## *Christianity and Scientific Freedom.*

---

THERE are some questions, among those that affect mankind most directly and influence its higher life most deeply, which remain always substantially the same in spite of any accidental differences of time and place, of race and civilization. And although from time to time these fundamental questions have to be again considered and formally restated, yet we all feel that nothing new is being proposed to us. Such is the question regarding our duty as intellectual beings in presence of the double teaching of Science and of Faith, of a natural and of a supernatural revelation of the mind of God. Whenever man has held that God had spoken, either directly or indirectly; by the mouth of inspired persons or by the instrumentality of natural objects, by the direction of the wind, by the quivering entrails of some innocent victim, by the flight of birds in the heavens, or by some strange phenomenon upon the earth, by sibylline voices, or dreams or charms, or in any other way, man seems to have also held with remarkable constancy, that those indications of the Divine mind and will were to be followed and acted upon even where they clashed with the common dictates of experience.

In this, we believe, men were only obeying the laws of that logic which they carry about with their rational nature. If God, they felt, says this or that, it must be true, true to a degree which human investigation can never attain. Therefore that spoken truth should be to us as a touch-stone whereby to try all other truth. Thus reasoned man, more or less explicitly, and thus must he reason still, if he would be faithful to the light that is in him.

Although this had been more or less clearly apprehended and more or less logically acted upon in all religious systems professing to rest upon some Divine teaching, yet it is only Christianity that gave to this conclusion its proper meaning and application. Thus the religion of Christ teaches that "God

who at sundry times and in divers manners spoke in times past to the Fathers by the Prophets, last of all, in these days, hath spoken to us by His Son." It teaches then formally that God has spoken to man. It teaches further, that that Divine Word is both written and unwritten : written in the documents known as Holy Scripture, unwritten in that traditional teaching which is older and of greater extension than Scripture itself ; lastly it teaches that God has not left mankind in utter helplessness in presence of a Written Word that, by its very nature, must ever remain practically inaccessible and unintelligible to many, and of an unwritten word equally inaccessible and unintelligible to a great majority on many points, and to all on some points. But God has constituted an authority which is able, through His assistance, to determine infallibly the real sense of the Divine teaching on all points immediately or mediately relating to the faith to be professed, and to the things to be done or avoided by all who called themselves Christians. Thus their faith resolves itself into a profession of belief in all that is believed and taught by the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, the Divine expounder of the Divine teaching upon this earth. And the formal motive of that belief is not its marvellous reasonableness, its supreme harmony with man's necessities and aspirations, the miraculous fact of the Church's existence, the army of her martyrs, the multitude of her confessors and virgins, but purely and simply the authority of Him who spoke what the Church believes and commands all men to believe. In other words, we receive God's revelation on God's own word. We believe that He is Creator and Lord of all, because He said so ; that Jesus is His only-begotten Son, because He said so ; that as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive, because He said so ; that the Resurrection is a fact, that God Himself is our inheritance, that His Beatific Vision is to be our everlasting possession, because He said so. All other evidence prepares us to believe, but is not and cannot be the formal motive of our belief. All supernatural faith must of necessity rest on the authority of God who reveals, even for those points which the human mind is able to apprehend independently of a revelation. And this, let us remark *en passant*, gives us the measure of the so-called faith of those who profess to believe in Christianity on internal evidence, on historical evidence, on philosophical evidence. This faith is human faith, not Divine faith ; they are always confounding the motives of credibility with the

formal motive of faith. Not so with Catholics. The Church proposes infallibly to them what God has revealed, and that alone they hold with absolute supernatural faith, not precisely because the Church proposes it, but rather because that which the Church proposes was revealed by God. Here, then, we have returned to that simple logical conclusion: that which God Himself reveals must be true above all other truths, because He cannot be either the author or the cause of error.

Once this is grasped and conceded, the only ground that remains for discussion, is the fact itself of the existence of a Revelation. Once that great fact is established, we find ourselves raised far above the level of human doubts and probabilities into the pure light of Divine certainty. This is assuredly the position of Christianity. We have summarized it here at some length because it is so necessary a foundation for what now remains to be said.

One further question is then: Given Christianity and the authority of its teaching as we just described it, what becomes of man's intellectual freedom, or, let us say, of man's scientific freedom? In other words: May a Christian (we mean of course a Catholic Christian) be a scientific man, and as such is he in any true sense free?

What do we precisely mean by the expression—a scientific man? We see so many people struggling for the title, who bring forward the most contradictory qualifications in support of their claim, that the question is well deserving of our notice. Of course, any man who applies himself methodically to the investigation of truth in the natural order might be called with justice a scientific man. Thus, a man who deals with the problems of history, according to the principles of modern historical research, looking out for facts rather than for theories; describing what he has proved to be contained in genuine documents in a clear, simple, and accurate style, that man, I conceive, may well call himself a man of science. Again, a man who is engaged in the elucidation of economical questions; who traces out the laws, often as physical as moral, that underlie the vast and protean subject of sociology; surely that man is a man of science. Is he not endeavouring every day of his life to explain individual facts by a reference to their causes?

Nor do I see how the title could be justly denied, in this comprehensive view of the question, to those men who, espe-



cially in our own times, have done so much to raise classical studies and bring into them a degree of critical accuracy never reached before. Just as some of the great Benedictines of St. Maur were, by the marvellous skill, accuracy, and patience which they displayed in the elucidation of texts, to all intents and purposes, scientific men, so are many distinguished scholars of English and Foreign Universities in the present day.

We believe, then, that the method, much more than the subject-matter of study, makes the scientific man. A modern historian, a philologist, a Greek scholar, may be as scientific as any chemist, physicist, or physiologist, whilst not so many centuries ago the men who called themselves zoologists or botanists had hardly any right at all to be called men of science. The sphere of science, therefore, is ever increasing in proportion as her methods, themselves the expression of the development of our minds, are being applied to fresh subjects of inquiry, in whatever department of human knowledge it may be. However, we are well aware that, for practical purposes at least, the term "scientific" is restricted to certain subjects. Thus, an astronomer, a chemist, a geologist, a biologist is a scientific man, whilst a classical scholar, or a man given to historical, political, or social studies is generally reckoned a citizen of the Republic of Letters. But leaving aside this somewhat artificial distinction, we ask, May a Catholic be a scientific man? and we unhesitatingly answer: Yes.

That a Catholic, as such, may, without any difficulty, give himself to scientific pursuits of any kind might be proved from the mere fact that there is scarcely any branch of learning in which some loyal Catholics have not distinguished themselves, and this without incurring any censure or meeting with any expressed disapproval on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities, as long as they confined themselves to the proper province of their scientific studies. I say, the ecclesiastical authorities, for, as regards individuals, in the Church as everywhere else, some good men are always found ready to denounce anything new, or supposed to be new; men of great zeal, if not always of great discretion, who are, by the peculiar bent of their minds, fatally impelled to obstruct where they cannot understand, and to condemn too hurriedly whatever goes counter to their crystallized opinions.

*Non ragionam di lor, ma guardo e passo.*

However, such men do not in any sense represent the mind

of the Church. They are a sort of inevitable ballast in the great ship, and they affect in no way its steerage and progress. But this argument in favour of Catholic science acquires still greater strength, if we consider that science is simply necessary to us if we are to do efficiently the work of God in His Church Militant. Now, if such a want really exists, it can never be unlawful to supply that want. The Church was instituted to bring home to all men a knowledge of God's message of love and mercy, and to open to them the treasures of grace of which she is the appointed channel. To all men, therefore, not to the poor and the ignorant only, but to the wealthy and the learned; to the statesman, the man of science, the philosopher, the Church has a mission, and consequently she must have arguments fitted to their peculiar doubts and difficulties. As we said already, faith, that ultimate act towards which all her efforts are directed, has not for its formal motive any scientific evidence, but the pure authority of God revealing Himself. Nevertheless, we are led to that act of Divine faith by many steps within the order of human knowledge. Before we can say *Credo*, the fact that God has spoken must of course appear to us evidently credible, otherwise we should not be acting according to the Apostle's precept: *Rationabile obsequium vestrum*. Hence the absolute necessity of science, especially in our times, if the work of the Church is to be effectually carried on. When a missionary goes to some foreign land to preach the Gospel to the heathen, his first care is to learn the language of the people he is sent to evangelize. Surely the missionary to the cultured heathen in the midst of which we live and pray does not require less preparation. They speak the language of science, which, by-the-by, is often a jargon rather than a language. He must speak that too. And because, in these days, the increasing complexity of scientific studies has made it impossible for any man to master more than one branch of learning in a lifetime, the "ambassador for Christ" must become a specialist. Our first missionaries in India soon found it necessary to have several kinds of missionaries responding to the various castes into which the people is divided. Some were missionaries to the Brahmins only, some to the Pariahs. Here we must have something analogous. One man must deal with physicists, another with chemists, another with biologists, another with anthropologists, and so on with the various departments of sciences. In this way only can we hope to cope with the scientific infidelity of

our times, and to present to the world an adequate account of the faith that is in us. Who, then, can doubt that a Catholic may be a scientific man? I would rather say, Who can doubt of the absolute necessity for Catholics to have among themselves scientific men, men not merely acquainted in a superficial way with the difficulties of their adversaries, but thoroughly grounded in the science of which they profess to treat; men who have faced the difficulties honestly and fearlessly, and are able in their turn to put difficulties founded upon those very views which their adversaries are so confident in propounding?

But, it is asked, will your Catholic be free in his scientific researches, or is he merely to be reduced to the level of a pleader *quand même*, on behalf of a foregone conclusion? Is he to enjoy perfect freedom, like those outside Christianity, in all he says or thinks, without any dependence on, or regard for, the dogmatic assertions of his unchanging faith, or must he, on the contrary, remain ever trammelled and impeded in his progress by those dogmatic assertions? In one word, is he to work on a footing of equality with the men of science outside the Church, or is he not?

The answer to this all-important objection is, I imagine, formally contained in the following question: Is our intellectual freedom left entire, or is it limited by previous knowledge, wherever that previous knowledge is logically connected with some other knowledge after which we are searching? An example will explain what I mean: I am, let us suppose, looking out for a friend in London. I have it on the authority of a well-informed person, that my friend lives in the suburbs of the great town, on the Surrey side of the Thames; more precise information he cannot give. Now supposing that person's authority in this matter to be unimpeachable, am I as free now in any *intelligent* search after my friend as I was before? Evidently not. I feel that it would be unreasonable and absurd to look for my friend in the City, in South Kensington, in Hampstead, or in Mayfair. Nothing but the wreck of my human faith in the authority of my informer, could justify me in investigating those places. In the hypothesis that he knows what he says, my intellect would rebel were I to search any but the Surrey side of the Thames. However, it is also clear that a man with a similar object in view, but deprived of any kind of information, would find himself absolutely free to look out for his friend on both sides of the Thames. *He is more free*

therefore than I am, because he knows less. This is very much what happens with non-Christian scientists ; they are more free than Catholics in their scientific investigations because they lack a knowledge which, by the very nature of things, restricts our liberty, as long as we continue to recognize that knowledge as true knowledge. Any man who pretends to enjoy as a Christian just as much scientific freedom as any heathen philosopher, ancient or modern, either by much learning has been made mad, or else there is grave reason to suspect the solidity of his allegiance to Christianity. No man in his senses could thus contradict himself. For instance, if you believe that life in man is caused by a simple and spiritual substance called a soul, because it is a revealed truth that man is formally endowed with such a principle, as long as you believe that revealed truth to be a genuine revelation, you cannot reasonably say : I am free to admit that all life, whether animal or intellectual, in man is due purely and simply to physico-chemical processes, just like those men who reject such a revelation. Nor can you reasonably say : Should it turn out to be true that all human life is merely the effect of physico-chemical processes, I should admit it in spite of any revelation to the contrary. Your mental attitude, if you are logical, should be this : Given my knowledge of human life founded on Divine authority, I deny that human life can ever be proved to be merely the effect of physico-chemical processes.

Nor again can you say : If the Church were to define as false some scientific fact which we know evidently to be true, I would stand for science against the Church. A loyal and logical Catholic should say : I know that the Church will never define this to be false, because truth cannot be opposed to truth, or in the words of the Vatican Council : *Nulla unquam inter fidem et rationem vera dissensio esse potest*—"No true discrepancy between faith and reason can ever arise."

Nor to resist these conclusions can any advantage fairly be taken of those cases in which the ecclesiastical authorities appear to have exercised their power in favour of views which modern science has not confirmed. Least of all should the case of Galileo be invoked, at least by those who have any pretension to theological knowledge. If the object of this article were to deal with details rather than with the broad general principles on which the whole question of the scientific freedom of Catholics ultimately rests, we could make a long

Galileo 3  
 Galileo

series of grave theologians from the time of Galileo down to our own day who have one and all declared that the condemnation of Galileo did not present the characteristics required for an infallible definition *ex cathedrâ*. But we shall confine ourselves to two or three who were either contemporaries of Galileo, or lived no long time after him, and who were themselves opposed to the Copernican theory. Surely if it had been the common opinion that the decree was an irrefragable one, these authors would have made haste to avail themselves of so powerful an argument in defence of their position. But they did not do so. They all confessed that no infallible decision had yet emanated from the Roman Pontiffs against the astronomical doctrines in question. Libert Fromond,<sup>1</sup> in his *Anti-Aristarchus*, published in 1631, has this question: "An heretica hodie censi debeat sententia Copernicana?" And his answer is that, however much opposed himself to the Copernican theory, yet he must confess that many Catholics favour the opposite view, because they deny to the Roman Congregations the supreme and infallible authority of the Pontiff himself. "Cardinalitium in definitionibus potestatem summam et pontificiam esse negant, et tantisper, donec ista accesserit, satis tutos se et extra hereseos notam esse existimant."

The learned Jesuit Riccioli, in his *Almagestum novum*, published in 1651, tries hard to justify both on scientific and theological grounds the Roman decrees of 1616 and 1633. Yet he never claims for those condemnations the supreme authority of the Supreme Pontiff.<sup>2</sup>

Caramuel Lobkowitz, who professed great hostility to the Copernican theory, is not less explicit on this point. He asks, in his work, *Theologia Moralis Fundamental* (Lugd., 1676), p. 110: "What would happen, should some astronomical proof be forthcoming to the effect that the sun is immoveable, and the earth in motion?" His answer is: "To this it might well be answered that in such a case the demonstration would have to be received (always supposing it to be genuine and certain), and even then it could not be said that the Roman Church has erred, for this proposition, speculatively considered,

<sup>1</sup> Liberti Fromondi in Academia Lovaniensi S. Th. doct. et Prof. ord. *Anti-Aristarchus sive orbis terræ immobilis*. Antw. 1631.

<sup>2</sup> Thus in tom. ii. p. 494, he distinctly says: "Quod vero non repugnet alteri Scripture aut definitioni Ecclesiæ probatur, tum quia nulla talis propositio proferri potest, cui repugnet; tum quia, *etsi nondum sit a Summo Pontifice*, a deputatis tamen ab ipso definitum est, potius assertiones motus terræ et stabilitatis solis repugnare Sacre Scripture."

has not been proposed as an article of faith to the Universal Church by a General Council and by the Pontiff speaking *ex cathedrâ*, in such a way that mere internal assent to that proposition be considered as heresy."

The only other testimony we shall quote is that of the Jesuit Father Tiraboschi,<sup>3</sup> who wrote towards the end of the eighteenth century. He says: "The Church has never declared heretics those who defended the system of Copernicus, and his too rigorous condemnation had only the tribunal of the Roman Inquisition for its author, to which no one among the most zealous Catholics has ever attributed the privilege of infallibility. In this we must admire the Providence of God for His Church, since at a time when the majority of theologians firmly believed the Copernican system to be contrary to the authority of Holy Writ, God did not allow the Church to formulate any solemn judgment against it."

We must remember that these men wrote long before any further discoveries in the field of astronomy had rendered it necessary to deny the irrefragable authority of the Roman decrees. Most theologians, at the time of the trial, thought the sentence of the Holy Office to be a just and proper vindication of the literal meaning of Scripture and of the truth of the Ptolemaic system. They further loudly asserted, like Lobkowitz, that no demonstration of the Copernican doctrines would ever be given. Yet, in spite of so much assurance, they freely admitted that the definition they so much approved of was not a definition *ex cathedrâ*.

In presence of such facts, what shall we think of those who would make us believe that the Church, formally as such (not merely a Congregation of Cardinals or the Roman Pontiff in his private capacity), committed an egregious error in the case of Galileo. There is something almost ludicrous in this endeavour to persuade the Church that she acted infallibly on a particular occasion without being aware of it. You might as well tell a man that he once committed a mortal sin without being aware of it. It is simply impossible.

The case of Galileo leaves then our scientific freedom where it found it. We are neither more nor less free because he was condemned. His condemnation does not prove that scientific men may have a truer perception of Divine truth than the Church herself has. It only proves that theologians can never

<sup>3</sup> Tiraboschi, *Memoria sulla condanna del Galileo*, in append. to ch. ii. liv. ii. of the *Storia della letteratura Italiana*, t. 28, p. 298.



afford safely to disregard the science of their time. In this sense we admit that a wholesome lesson may be derived from the case of Galileo.

As for the great biological questions that agitate to-day the scientific world, we believe that the true man of science will find little time to devote to mere controversy about them, so many are the points still requiring our undivided attention and study. For instance, why should a Catholic biologist trouble himself at present with what the Church will do should Evolution become a matter of scientific certainty. He knows already, from the unequivocal definitions of the faith, that certain forms of evolution can never be proved, such as, for instance, the evolution of mind from matter. Again, he knows that if some form of evolution be true, it can never be declared authentically *by the Church* to be false. Is it not then his plain duty to relinquish mere controversial disputes to "paper philosophers," as Galileo called some of his opponents, in order to devote himself peacefully and humbly to the study of nature; to try by personal research to penetrate deeper into her secrets, and to decipher, as far as it is permitted to man to do, that book of nature which contains the thoughts of God written without and within? I readily admit that a Catholic biologist does not enjoy, like his non-Catholic brother biologist, full liberty to carve theories out of the block of undigested knowledge which we now possess. He is not so free, as I said, because he knows other things which the non-Catholic scientist professes to ignore, and all knowledge limits inquiry in proportion as it defines truth. But I emphatically deny that we Catholics are not as free as any one to study facts. In that great question of evolution, which stares us in the face and will not be put off, what is required is not a discussion of the theory so much as a closer examination of the facts before us. In the domain of facts we yield to none in freedom; let us see that we yield to none also in industry and devotion to study. It will take a long time yet before facts have been so sifted as to afford matter for a true biological synthesis. But when that happy day is come we know that the Church of God will be found on the side of truth, and if we should discover that, as Catholics, we have in the interval been saved, by our simple faith, from the distracting noise of theories, we shall find also that we have not been robbed of the precious treasure of a single fact.

L. MARTIAL KLEIN.

### *The Salon of 1885.*

---

TWO names have, since the close of the Salon of 1884, been removed from the list of the most famous of living French painters—Delacroix and Bastien-Lepage. The grave, all too prematurely, has closed over the ever-restless and astounding genius of the one, and the minutely laborious, the exact, the finished and highly academic work of the other. There attaches indeed to the work of Delacroix an interest inseparable from that aroused by the contemplation of his life. The tone of his genius was derived from the sad surroundings of his existence. Its prevailing note was upon the chord of sadness: its most brilliant sallies were bred of despair. Of a highly sensitive temperament, his whole life was tortured by illness and physical suffering, day by day battled with and conquered, by the force of his overpowering will and never-failing activity. A willing recluse, he lived solely and wholly for his art. He sought no patrons, and scorned with impatience the petty conventionalities of an effete society. His only companions in his solitary *atelier* were the loved companions, the implements of his art—his easel and his brush. In a peculiar sense, therefore, is the character of this great painter traced in his work, and the moods of his genius in his varied treatment of the same subject. "Christ upon the Waters" was, for instance, a favourite theme with him. Five, if not six, times did he devote himself to the portrayal of this eventful scene in our Lord's Life, and each picture is distinctly different from the rest. In each case the subject has been approached from a new standpoint. In no two instances can the same or a similar inspiration be traced. In all there is majesty depicted; awe, confidence, love; and the dash of genius in the execution, which is dissimilar in each.

The work of Bastien-Lepage, as the character, was of a more homogeneous nature. His loss to French art in this day is of special moment. A glance round the rooms of the Salon is evidence of this fact. The danger to French art which most

threatens it, is the work of what is termed the "Impressionist" school. In Impressionism there lurks the carelessness which is the very antithesis of pre-Raphaelitism. The characteristics of Bastien-Lepage as a painter were those of a master and a student; drawing, detail, work, finish. The loss of such a man, capable as he was of heading a school opposed to the growing Impressionism in painting, is therefore much to be deplored, if, indeed, it be not irreparable.

Any allusion to this year's Salon could not be more fittingly introduced than by a tribute, however inadequate, to the memory of men who during the past have added so much to its annual fame. Their departure seems to place in bold and saddening relief all that is vulgar, and garish, and careless, and startling, in this year's exhibition. For number—there are over five thousand paintings hung—the Salon of 1885 has not, I think, been surpassed, if equalled. Nor has it been outdone in the past—and it is difficult to see how it can possibly be equalled in the future—in coarseness, and in that hastiness of work and unstudied design which are the prevailing characteristics of the school of young Impressionists to whom reference has been made. Take, for example, "*Le Martyre de St. Denis*," by L. Bonnat. This immense canvas contains some strong characteristics, but its realism is intensely vulgar, and its direct appeal to the senses commonplace. A brawny executioner of the true butcher type stands, as it were, ankle deep in blood, and has just completed his morning's work by the decapitation of the Saint, who, in accordance with the legend, stretches out his hands to clutch the fallen member, the eyes of which gaze fixedly. There is a halo of light playing round about the block like a coruscation of fireworks, and a muscular angel is borne down in the nick of time upon a pillowy cloud with a huge crown in one hand and a palm-tree branch in the other. An axe, reeking with blood, lies upon the marble steps, and two or three decapitated trunks sprawl down the steps into the foreground of the picture, blood pouring in thick heavy streams from the severed arteries. A ghastly portrayal indeed! with no real artistic merit about it; but one suited, apparently, to the French taste of this day. One turns in relief to the original study of Cabanel. "*La fille de Jephté*" is full of power, pathos, and refinement, and quite worthy of his great reputation. It is a tender and touching study, this group of her companions round the central figure whose virginity they mourn. There is

Eastern splendour and colouring in the draperies, and grace in the forms, with ease in the groupings.

Clarius in "Les Maures en Espagne" is another of the Impressionist school. This again is of extraordinary dimensions—large enough to cover the side of a tolerably-sized dwelling-house. It is full of dramatic effect, with much audacity of colouring. But there is no evidence of unity of design, and there is a total absence of relief. It is shallow and vacuous. In Boulanger's "Mère des Gracques" we see great originality of conception and much intenseness of character. The mother is represented sallying forth from her house, accompanied by the two boys who are her pride. Tiberius, who has reached the serious period of advanced boyhood, is clothed in the robe in which children of senators were clothed until they adopted the *toga virilis*. He turns towards his mother a glance of intense affection, while Caius gazes before him, mischief and merriment in his coal-black eyes, candour and contentment upon his brow, with a whip in his hand. The real charm of this picture, however, is in the depiction of the happiness and pride of the young mother. This, and her beauty of character and nobility of soul, appear to be carried about with her, even in her very garments, and to fill the air around her. Bouguereau has two sacred subjects—companion pictures—"L'Adoration des Mages," and "L'Adoration des Bergers." These pictures, with a few others, whose number may be counted upon the fingers of both hands, save the exhibition from utter and total condemnation. Of depth, or of richness of colouring—richness, I mean, in the best sense—Bouguereau cannot boast, but at least he is to be congratulated here upon loftiness of conception, learned design, delicacy of touch, pathos, and true technicality of labour. Antoine Mercié is realistic and powerful in his portrayal, "Michel-Ange étudiant l'Anatomie," and over the death-bed of Chopin," by F. J. Barrios, one lingers lovingly. Exquisite is "Les Jumeaux;" these sweet little baby twins, set side by side in cradles, with a treasure of a *bonne* in charge, are quite irresistible. Bontel de Monvel is hideous and repulsive in the extreme in "L'Apothéose," as is also Jean Beraud in "Charenton." "Un renseignement," in which a nervous old peasant is depicted cautiously pointing out the whereabouts of the enemy to an attacking party in the time of the Franco-Prussian war, is worthy of Auguste de Neuville at his best. There

is nothing that is not common-place in the companion pictures of Auguste Toulmouché, "Le Départ" et "Le Retour" of a thorough-going nineteenth century French traveller, of the better *commis-voyageur* type, who monopolizes space and conversation, and whom to our regret we too often encounter upon our goings and comings between London and Paris. We can thus sympathize with "Le Départ;" would that it were only for ever! There is much character and truth of portrayal in "La Mauvaise Nouvelle," by P. Beyle. To the door of a fisherman's hut, hung about with nets and fishing-gear, his comrades have borne the dripping corpse of a fisherman, the bread winner, whose wife, now suddenly a widow, awaits his arrival. A little child plays with its rude toys at the threshold, ignorant in its innocence of the presence of grief. A group of rough but tender and sympathizing men and women are gathered about the bier, whilst an old man with head uncovered knocks nervously, respectfully, and hesitatingly at the cottage door. There is a Faed-like and truthful ruggedness and pathos about the depiction of the whole scene which appeals powerfully to the senses, and which place this picture in the first rank of the Salon of 1885 in the minds of all lovers of truth, simplicity, and realism in art. Much has been said lately, and much written, about the *Ouvrier*. He finds himself depicted in an enormous canvas (forty-five feet long and fifteen feet high), by Roll, called "Le Travail." Besides the mere portrayal of a group of workmen engaged upon their every-day work in a very sober manner as bricklayers and stone-masons, there is absolutely nothing whatever to commend this picture as a work of art. The figures are life-size, but are out of drawing. That M. Roll, a pupil of such men as Gérôme and Bonnat, should draw and paint like this is marvellous.

M. Dagnan-Bouveret has a fine sense of tone and of the arrangement of his lights. His "Chevaux à l'Abreuvoir" is an animated, richly toned, and vigorously coloured piece of work. The refinement of the contours marks the choiceness of the artist's studies as well as the excellence of his models. M. Emile Adam sustains his eminent powers in "La fin de la journée," a plain country labourer wending homewards his solitary and peaceful way in the twilight of a glorious summer's evening. Again, "Jules Breton" is true to his lofty antecedents as an interpreter of the softer and mystic side of nature, known only to him who contemplates it as the poet and as the philo-

sopher, hidden and alone, in his "Le chant de l'Alouette." "La Stigmatisée du Moyen Age, par M. Moreau de Tours" is of the class described in "Le Martyre de St. Denis." But here it must be said that there is more care and refinement, and more evidence of study of the model, greater elaboration of detail and ease of grouping. It is a picture of great originality and thought.

In portrait-painting this year's Salon is not behind the merit of its predecessors. There is no branch of French painting standing so high and of more merit as this of portraiture. "Carolus Duran" remains *facile princeps*, and distances all competitors. He has been well described by his contemporaries as "Le grand symphoniste de la couleur." His symphony in black, for example, is exceedingly brilliant in colour and tone and general arrangement, and quite masterly in the exactness and subordination of detail. It is that of a young wife, seated, happy and smiling, holding in her hand a rose whose brightness and beauty strikes a note of life, gaiety, and freedom, and relieves the picture from any sense of sombreness. The portrait of "Madame Pelouze" must be called his symphony in red. The towers of Chenonceaux may be seen in the background through a drawn curtain, in front of which upon a terrace stands the figure of the lady. A truly fine portrait. Then there are portraits by Comerre, and by the Master Cabanel, and by Courtois, Raphaël Collin, Mdlle. Louise Breslau, Machard, M. Bernard and M. Benjamin Constant, M. Armand Silvestre, and M. Jules Worms.

A comparison between the work of our English portrait painters and that in this year's Salon, naturally suggests the conclusion that in the treatment of flesh tints the French school is far in advance of our own, and approaches more nearly to the simplicity and perfection of such of the old masters as Correggio and Sassoferrato, and of Greuze in the last century, than does our own. The French, too, appear to me to have seized and worked upon the idea, which is the only true one, that in portrait-painting more than in any other, there must be "a focus of impressional interest," as it has been described, with reference to which all the composition of colour and of the definition of detail must be subordinated. The ingenious handling of detail must, in a word, lend itself in portrait-painting of any perfection most completely to what may be termed the idea of *concentration* of power and the *centralizing* of interest.



There remain to be noticed a few more striking examples. One of these is another canvas of abnormal size, the product of Benjamin Constant, "*La justice du Chérif*" (Espagne Mauresque XVe. siècle). The picture is terribly true to the lines of Edmond Harancourt, which are its best description :

Elles dormaient : la mort égorgea leur réveil.  
Silence ! Et la lumière embrasant l'air vermeil,  
Vibre comme un baiser des cheveux aux chevilles,  
L'encens fume ; le jour va fuir ; et le Soleil,  
Traînant de longs adieux sur le corps de ses Filles,  
Fait un suaire d'or à leur dernier sommeil.

There are countless little pieces of landscape covering the walls of the various galleries, some few of merit, picturing grey-green waters weltering between grassy banks under a grey sky, and some strong forest scenes ; but for the most part they are nothing better than rubbish, not unacceptable for the purpose of being put into a pretty frame, and filling space, but for nothing more. There are groups too of cattle (how ugly French cattle are,—almost as ugly as Dutch !), with the eternal windmill in the background, sacred only to Cuyp. Emile Bayard has here his masterpiece in "*Une Bande joyeuse.*" The groupings are most masterly in this picture, as is the skilful management of the far-stretching landscape in the background, and the subordinate groups of holiday-makers lagging in the rear of the main body.

"*La Madeleine,*" G. Henner, is to my mind the gem of the Salon, if it is indeed possible with any accuracy to pick out a gem from the two or three hundred pictures of the first order out of the five thousand or more executions. Magdalen is represented as kneeling. No part of her face is seen, but her head is buried in her hands in an attitude of despairing grief and untold repentance, her fair luxurious hair falling over her head and hands upon the ground. An idea of the force of this picture of Magdalen is given by the manner in which it rivets and grows upon the attention of the onlooker, so that one feels pressed to gaze, and still to stay and gaze, each moment strengthening the charm, until one is overcome with a sense of profound sympathy, and with a sense of reverence, and of a clinging to a grief so true and ennobling, so unearthly, so angelic.

There is no doubt that Englishmen generally have little sympathy with the French school of painters, with their subjects,

and with their general method of treatment of those subjects. The work of Meissonnier and of his followers is perhaps of a character better suited to the English taste than that of any other now existing in France. This, indeed, is instanced by the fact that to the French Gallery in Pall Mall there go annually more works of this special school of French artists than those of any other. There, for example, may be seen gems by Meissonnier, August Holmberg, Heffner, Conrad Kiesel, Ottenfeld, Chevilliard, Crosio, and the delicious landscapes of Corot, all upon subjects comprehensive in their nature, and treated in a manner comprehensive, to the English lover of art.

In conclusion, I would, unless the "British Matron" really wishes a more extended field of operations, advise her to be content with the ills she has at home, and not to pay a visit to the Salon in the expectation that her arguments in favour of her assertions as to what she considers the pre-eminent license of English art, would thereby be strengthened. Whatever may be said from the point of view of the artist and art to soften her shocked and injured feelings—and all of which was so skilfully said by Mr. Poynter in his letters to the *Times*—in favour of studies of the nude, would, as applicable to French art, be quite beside the mark. There is no attempt—and it would be idle to argue that there is—to throw the thinnest veil of art over subjects chosen, and chosen as of set purpose, with the object of appealing, and apparently not in vain (if one may judge by the annual increase of such productions), to the senses and passions of an infidel society and of a degraded nation. Refinement is necessary to the existence of art. It is a condition of its growth. Impurity and immorality come as a death-plague to it. For this reason art in France is a falling fabric. It has placed itself upon an inclined plane, down which it is fast travelling. A return to purer and nobler and brighter themes, to a regenerated classicism, can alone save it. To some, the salon of 1885 may, as a whole, give hopes of a loftier immediate future. Its efforts, taken as an exhibition, may to these seem as the verdure of a second spring. To others, to the majority, they will at best appear but as the efflorescence of decay.

HERMAN LESCHER.

## *Missions of the Equatorial Lakes.*

---

### I.—MISSION OF THE VICTORIA NYANZA.

AMONGST the recently established missions of the African continent none, perhaps, are more calculated to excite a general interest at the present day than those of the Equatorial Lakes. The minds of many readers cannot fail to be attracted by the halo of romance which still hovers over the interior of the Dark Continent—a mysterious land which, though teeming with a countless population and possessing immense natural resources, has remained so long hidden from the eyes of mankind. The veil has, indeed, been already partially raised by the discoveries and observations of Speke, Livingston, Stanley, and other explorers, but the journals of every fresh African traveller, and of none more than the Catholic missionaries, abound with new and interesting particulars regarding the customs, superstitions, and traditions of the natives, the physical features and material resources of the land, and the varied animal and vegetable life which acquires so luxuriant and rapid a development under the influence of an abundant rainfall and the fertilizing heat of the Equatorial sun. We need not add that to the Catholic reader the zealous and untiring efforts of our devoted missionaries to carry the light of faith to the benighted children of Cham, along with the record of their adventures, trials, and successes in the pursuit of this sublime object, afford, independently of other considerations, a subject of deep and sympathetic interest.

The missions of the Equatorial lakes, of which we propose to lay before our readers a short historical sketch, are one of the most recent works of the Catholic apostolate. The late venerable Pontiff, Pius the Ninth, anxious to lose no time in following out the important discoveries of African explorers by missionary efforts for the conversion of the negro tribes of the interior, entrusted the evangelization of this vast region to the devoted zeal of Mgr. Lavigerie, the present Cardinal Archbishop of Carthage, and his newly-formed band of Algerian

missionaries. The plan traced out by Pius the Ninth for the division of this district into four Vicariates, namely, Nyanza, Tanganyika, and the Northern and Southern Upper Congo, was completed and sanctioned by his successor, Leo the Thirteenth, during the first months of his Pontificate. In the same year, 1878, the first apostolic band, consisting of ten Fathers destined for the missions of Nyanza and Tanganyika, landed in the island of Zanzibar, which was to form the starting-point of their missionary enterprise. The following history of the adventures, trials, and perils of their journey, and of the establishment and vicissitudes of their respective missions, is compiled from their own letters and journals which have appeared from time to time in the *Missions Catholiques* and other similar periodicals.

Upon their arrival in Zanzibar, where they were received with a cordial welcome and generous hospitality by the Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, who serve the mission of Zanguebar, the travellers at once set about the tedious work of organizing the caravan for their long and perilous journey. It must be borne in mind that in a country like Africa, which is destitute of roads and abounds in forests and marshy jungles, one of the greatest difficulties of travel arises from the necessity of conveying everything by means of porters. Nor is it merely the personal baggage of the travellers with the necessaries for their journey and future establishment which have to be thus transported, but also an endless assortment of calicoes, beads, knives, and other articles intended for the purpose of victualling the caravan, propitiating the native chieftains, and discharging the *hongo*, or tribute, which is usually exacted by the petty monarchs of the country for the right of passage through their territories. Goods of every description are, in fact, the current coin of the country, and a day's wage or the price of a bushel of maize is estimated by yards of calico or strings of beads. Hence the negro porters, whom it is necessary to engage for a journey of many months, are counted by hundreds, entailing on the travellers both an enormous expense and a harassing responsibility. But this is not all. In addition to the *pagasis*, or carriers, a corresponding number of *askaris*, or guards, must be engaged and armed, whose duty it is to enforce discipline, to protect the caravan, and to repel the attacks of roving banditti. Fortunately the Fathers, upon crossing over to Bagamoyo on the mainland, were able to secure the services of a number of Uniamuezi negroes, who, having just arrived

from the interior with an outgoing caravan, were not indisposed for another engagement which would bring them back to their homes and families.

Behold, then, the little band of apostles on June 19, A.D. 1878, starting from Bagamoyo and turning their backs probably for ever on the glorious ocean, studded with the white sails of the African dhows, and on the distant Isle of Zanzibar, the last outpost of civilization. Before them is borne the standard of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the victorious banner of their Divine Master which they have pledged themselves to plant on the shores of the great inland seas. In the van march the *kirangozis*, or guides, and a portion of the *askaris*, followed by some of the missionaries mounted on asses, which they have purchased in Bagamoyo for the journey. Then come the *pagasis*, with their bales of goods balanced upon their heads, and accompanied by the remainder of the Fathers; while the caravan is closed by another band of *askaris*, who have been told off for the duty of bringing up the stragglers and protecting the rear. Altogether they number five hundred souls, and travelling for the most part in single file, form a procession of considerable length. At one time the path lay through dense thickets or marshy jungles, at another through virgin forests peopled with myriads of beautiful birds and chattering monkeys; while frequently they traversed rich fields of maize or sugarcane, and prairies of waving grass which towered far above their heads. Everywhere the vegetation was most luxuriant, and the narrowness of the path, sometimes closed in with reeds or underwood, joined to the intense heat of the sun, rendered the journey most trying and laborious. It is in these plains and marshes bordering on the sea-coast, through which they were now passing, that fevers are most prevalent, nor was it long before several of the Fathers became familiar with this insidious foe. In the early stages of the attacks, a few doses of quinine and a short period of repose were sufficient to ward off the danger and renew their failing strength.

They had not journeyed far before they began to experience some of the minor evils inseparable from the employment of a large number of undisciplined and uncivilized retainers. A quarrel broke out between the *askaris* and the *pagasis*, which soon began to assume a serious aspect. Daggers were being drawn, guns levelled, and shouts of rage and defiance bandied to and fro, when suddenly the missionaries, who had been

quietly taking their meal under the shade of a tree, appeared on the scene, and by a timely interposition prevented bloodshed and succeeded in allaying the tumult. The whole quarrel originated in the loss of the stopper of a powder-flask, which had been dropped by an *askari* and appropriated by one of the carriers. As the rival companies belonged to different tribes, the whole of their fellows had taken up the quarrel. Another annoyance arose from the frequent murmuring, the laziness and instability of the negroes. Refusing to accept their daily ration of food as provided by their contract, it had to be exchanged for a certain amount of calico with which they might purchase their own provisions. Then the material accepted by the carriers was not considered good enough by the guards. Often, too, the length of the march was complained of, and a premature halt demanded. In all these matters the missionaries had to combine gentleness with firmness, sometimes conceding what was asked, and at other times sternly refusing. By this judicious treatment they succeeded in acquiring a certain degree of influence over their followers, which prevented the numerous and embarrassing desertions that we so often read of in similar expeditions.

Anxious as the Fathers were to hasten their march across the lowlands and reach the more healthy table-land of the interior, they found it impossible on account of the indolence of the porters and the difficulties of the route to proceed except by very short stages. Owing to the intense heat of the mid-day sun, they usually began their march at a very early hour and travelled till about noon, resting for a few minutes on their way in order to afford relief to their exhausted *pagazis*. On arriving at the place of encampment, they pitched their tents, counted over their bales of goods, and secured them when possible under cover, setting over them a guard of *askaris*. They then proceeded to take their principal meal, after which their time was fully occupied in bargaining with the natives for provisions, visiting and receiving the village chieftains, arranging differences among their followers, and issuing orders for the morning's march. These directions were given in a formal manner by the principal *kirangozi*, who, having assembled about him the members of the caravan, would address them in the following or similar words :

"Words, words of the master ! Attend well ye *kirangozis*. Listen ye Waniamuezi. We march to-morrow. The way is crooked ; the path is



evil. There are jungles where more than one man will lie concealed. The Wagogo<sup>1</sup> strike down the porters with their lances. They kill those who carry the cloth and the pearls. The Wagogo have visited our camp and beheld our riches. To-night they will go to the jungle. Be watchful ye Waniamuezi. Keep close to one another. Do not loiter or lag behind. Ye kirangozis, march slowly, that the weak, the children, and the sick may be in company with the strong. Halt twice during the march. Such are the words of the master. Have you heard them, sons of the Waniamuezi?" "We have, we have!" is the unanimous response. "Have you understood them?" "We have, we have!" "It is well," rejoins the orator, and so saying he retires to his hut.

The first part of the journey through Ukuéue and Usegura being now accomplished, they arrived on the 26th of July at Mpouapoua, in the more mountainous country of Usagara. After leaving the plain the route had become more difficult and laborious, leading often over crags and rocks, through narrow defiles, and across rapid and dangerous streams, where the only means of passage was the slippery trunk of a tree, which it was often necessary to cross on hands and knees. As to the poor donkeys, they were pushed over the steep banks and dragged across with ropes, at the imminent risk of becoming the prey of the numerous crocodiles which infested the waters. Happily they all escaped with the exception of one, which was swept away by the force of the current. It was well that the Fathers were able to avail themselves for a short time longer of the services of these useful animals, as their rapidly increasing weakness rendered such assistance of the greatest importance. In these regions the ass is the only animal which can be made available for purposes of transport. Oxen and horses soon perish from the bites of the tsetzé, a venomous insect which infests a large portion of the African continent. The missionaries were furnished with a striking proof of the havoc caused by this insect in the numerous waggons which they found abandoned along the route. They were the property of the London Church Missionary Society, whose agent, Mr. Thompson, had formed the gigantic project of opening a carriage road from the coast to Lake Tanganyika. He had

<sup>1</sup> The robbers of Ugogo. The prefix *Wa* in the language of the country signifies "the people of" the particular province alluded to; among some of the tribes *Ba* has the same force. The reader will remark the frequent recurrence of the letter *U* as the initial letter of the names of African kingdoms. It has the meaning of the word *country*.

penetrated with his waggons a considerable distance into the interior, when the oxen which drew them perished successively from the bites of the tsetzé, and the waggons had to be left behind at the different encampments—the last of them was to be seen at Mpouapoua.

Repeated attacks of debilitating fever had now begun to tell fearfully on the health of the travellers, and they found themselves reduced to so extreme a state of exhaustion as to render a temporary halt, for the purpose of recruiting their strength and nursing their sick, almost indispensable. Unhappily, the enormous expense which would be entailed upon them by the stoppage of the caravan, and the rapid decrease in the stores provided for the journey, prevented them from allowing themselves this necessary period of repose, and after a single day's respite at Mpouapoua, they resumed their toilsome march.

They had now arrived at the inhospitable country of Ugogo, the land of arid deserts and gloomy forests—a land peopled by a savage and rapacious race, who frequently plunder and murder the passing traveller, and who allow none to set foot within their territory without exacting at every stage an enormous and ruinous tribute. No sooner had the missionaries arrived at their first place of encampment within the borders of this ill-famed region, than they were encountered by crowds of rude and savage negroes, almost naked and streaming with rancid oil, who pressed upon them from all sides, mocking and jeering at them, swarming in their tents, and hovering about in order to take the first opportunity of pillage. Their unwelcome visitors being at length disposed of, it became necessary to treat with the principal chieftain or petty sultan of the district on the important subject of the *hongo*, which is exacted from every passing caravan. The discussion and settlement of this vexed question usually consumes many precious hours, and sometimes even days; for the rapacious tyrant refuses permission to depart until his demands have been complied with. To satisfy these is no easy task—sometimes even quite impossible. Guns, barrels of powder, hundreds of yards of white and coloured stuffs, coils of brass wire, necklaces and beads, are demanded without mercy and with threats that make the timid *pagazis* tremble with horror and meditate a speedy desertion. No sooner is one demand complied with than another follows. The goods sent are returned as insufficient

in quantity or quality—they must be exchanged for other articles more rare and costly. In fine, it becomes necessary to yield to every extortion, unless by long arguments the traveller can induce the tyrant to abate something of his pretensions. At each stage of the journey the harassing negotiations are renewed, while in the passage through the forests the poor *pagazi*, who loiters behind, runs every chance of being stripped of his burthen and probably murdered by the robbers who lurk in the adjoining thickets. It is impossible to describe the hardships, annoyances, and privations which the good Fathers had to endure in their passage through this inhospitable country. Meanwhile they beheld with alarm that one of the most valued members of their little band was gradually sinking under the fatigue of the journey and repeated attacks of that debilitating fever which so often proves fatal to the European constitution.

It was Father Joachim Pascal, the leader of the missionaries destined for the settlement at Tanganyika, who was to have the happiness of being the first to lay down his life for the salvation of the benighted negro. The humility, piety, and heroic charity of this good priest, united as they were to a solid judgment and great prudence in the direction of others, had marked him for the responsible office of Superior of the future mission. It was during the Octave of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady that this tender Mother called to herself her devoted child. This glorious feast was kept by the travellers in the midst of a dense African forest. There they offered the Holy Sacrifice with all the solemnity in their power, and made the neighbouring thickets resound with canticles in honour of the Queen of Heaven. On the following Sunday, the feast of St. Joachim, his patron Saint, Father Pascal, worn out by repeated attacks of fever, felt that his last hour was come. Calling around him his weeping brethren, he calmly bade them a last adieu, and having renewed the oft-repeated offering of his life for the salvation of the negro races, joyfully gave up his soul to God in the midst of the assembled missionaries.

No sooner had he expired, than it became necessary to think of the disposal of his remains; for the Fathers well knew that, if the fact of his death upon the soil of Ugogo became known to the natives, it would become the signal for an outburst of superstitious fury and the exercise of the most cruel extortion. Accordingly, in the dead of the night, a party of

*askaris* was told off, with one of the Fathers at their head, to convey the body into the adjoining territory of Uniamuezi, the limits of which they had just reached. When all was silent they set off, guiding themselves by the light of torches, and after journeying a few miles, selected a spot amid the virgin forest for the last resting-place of the deceased missionary. There a grave was dug, and, after the funeral rites had been performed, a wooden cross was erected upon the spot in memory of Tanganyika's first apostle. When all was completed, they rejoined the caravan, which had by this time resumed its march. The missionaries did not, however, escape the exactions of the natives—probably the secret was betrayed by one of their own followers. They had not travelled far before they were pursued by three chieftains, who accused them of concealing the death of a white man. In vain did the Fathers challenge them to find the body; they were obliged to submit to a considerable fine before they were permitted to pursue their way in peace.

It would be too long to relate the further events of their journey through the territory of Uniamuezi until their arrival at Tabora, where the two bands of missionaries had to part company in order to proceed to their respective destinations. Suffice it to say that sickness, trouble, and privation still continued to sanctify their enterprise, and that by the time that their longing eyes rested on the white cottages of the Arab town, though their hearts still beat high with courage and confidence in God, their physical strength was utterly exhausted, their stores were well-nigh expended, and their bodies reduced to the last stage of attenuation.

After a few weeks spent in recruiting their shattered strength and making the necessary preparations for their further progress, the Fathers destined for the mission of Nyanza, bidding an affecting adieu to their beloved companions, quitted Tabora and resumed their journey northwards. The caravan was now much reduced in numbers, but they still mustered a considerable body of *askaris* and *pagasis*, who, according to the negro custom, celebrated their first start with loud shouts and repeated discharges of firearms. The missionaries, on their part, silently recommended themselves to the protecting care of Him whose Adorable Name they were going to proclaim to the poor savage, and whose banner was still borne before them as in the former part of their journey. And, indeed, they had much need of that protecting Providence which had never ceased to watch

over them, for their route lay through savage and barbarous tribes, some of them engaged in open war with each other, and amid dense forests inhabited by a lawless race, who subsist in a great measure by the plunder of passing caravans. On more than one occasion they were beset by armed bands of negroes, who attacked their timid followers and seemed to be withheld by nothing but a special Providence from stripping them of their effects and involving all in a general massacre. It was not, however, till after their arrival at their destination, that they became fully sensible of the danger which they had run, for they there learnt that a succeeding caravan, numbering no less than four hundred souls, had been entirely despoiled, and its leader, an Englishman, slain in the very forest which they had just traversed.

It was on December 30, 1878, that the weary travellers reached Radouma, a scattered village situated at the southern extremity of the lake Victoria Nyanza. The sight of the clear blue waters of this vast inland sea, stretching 220 miles from north to south and fully as much in breadth from east to west, filled them with indescribable joy, and they looked forward with eager anticipation to the moment when they would be able to commence their missionary work and announce the glad tidings of the Gospel to the nations dwelling upon its coasts. But it was necessary first to send forward messengers to Mtesa, the powerful monarch of Uganda, a country situated on the northern shores of the lake, in order to announce their approaching arrival, and obtain from him both permission to settle in his dominions and a supply of boats to convey them thither. This involved a considerable delay at Radouma, the voyage across the lake, owing to the frequent storms and the necessity, in the frail canoes of the country, of following the line of coast, usually extending over three weeks or a month. Father Livinhac, therefore, the Superior of the expedition, gladly accepted the offer made to him by the village chief, of a large hut in which he deposited their few remaining goods, and having dispatched one of his companions with a few followers on an embassy to Mtesa, devoted the intervening time until their return to the study of the language, customs, and habits of the neighbouring tribes.

Owing to various unforeseen circumstances, a period of no less than five months elapsed before the return of the long-expected messengers, and great was the anxiety of Father

Livinhac and his companions regarding their fate and the results of their expedition. At length, on the last day of the month of May, A.D. 1879, a fleet of canoes appeared in the distance, impelled by a multitude of practised rowers. It was sent by King Mtesa, with a message of kindly welcome, to conduct them with all their effects to their new home. After a prosperous voyage they at length arrived at the end of their long and toilsome pilgrimage, and were received with cordial hospitality by the negro monarch, who not only bestowed upon them a temporary dwelling, with sufficient land for their suitable establishment, but granted them also every facility for the prosecution of their apostolic mission. No time was lost by the Fathers in installing themselves in their new abode, by the side of which they erected a temporary orphanage and chapel. Here they were soon surrounded by a family of adopted children rescued from slavery, and by an eager and docile class of catechumens, some of whom, being sufficiently instructed, were baptized by Father Livinhac the following Easter.

The kingdom of Uganda, in which the zealous missionaries were now reaping the first-fruits of their apostolic labours, has become in recent years, through the political astuteness and military prowess of its late ruler, one of the most powerful and influential of the negro monarchies. Stretching to the north and north-west of the Victoria Nyanza, it comprises many tributary provinces, and is a country of vast extent and extraordinary beauty and fertility. Verdant hills, rich valleys, and fruitful plains, interspersed with numerous sheets of water, bordered by forests of reeds and the sedge-like papyrus, serve to diversify the landscape. Everywhere the earth is covered with luxuriant vegetation, swarming with wild animals of various species, or with gigantic trees, the abode of innumerable flocks of birds, tuneless, indeed, but decked with the richest and most varied plumage. Though bordering on the equatorial line, the temperature of this favoured region, which may be justly styled the abode of eternal spring, is not oppressive. The elevated position of Uganda above the level of the sea, its abundant rainfall, and the proximity of the waters of the Nyanza, serve considerably to temper the excessive heat of the sun and render the climate both equable and salubrious.

The native inhabitants of the district, though of a mild and hospitable disposition, are hardy and warlike. Devoted to their monarch, for whom they entertain a profound reverence, they



are employed by him in numerous expeditions for the extension of his dominions and the chastisement of his enemies. Meanwhile, the cultivation of the land is reserved for the women, who with a short hoe stir the soil and deposit in it the seed, which, notwithstanding the imperfect nature of the tillage, never fails to produce an abundant harvest. Numerous herds of oxen and flocks of sheep and goats—for this country is free from the ravages of the *tsetzé*—furnish the inhabitants with milk, butter, and flesh meat in abundance. It is, however, on the product of the banana-tree that the natives rely for their principal supply of provisions. Each cottage is surrounded by a banana orchard, the fruit when cooked furnishing them with a substitute for bread, while a decoction of the same supplies them with a fermented drink very similar to cider, and possessing the same intoxicating properties, which are happily rarely abused. A species of fig-tree supplies a bark which, when steeped, pressed, and beaten out, serves for their clothing, a provision which is supplemented by the skins of beasts and the stuffs and calicoes of the Arab traders. Their huts are of a conical form and of simple construction, consisting of a few posts, the intervals between which are filled up with reeds and grass. Their principal manufactures are in pottery and iron-work, in which, with the rudest implements, by their native skill and perseverance, they achieve considerable success.

As to their religious belief, it is, like that of the other African tribes, cloudy and obscure. They admit presiding divinities, but do not render to them any fixed or stated worship, much less are they worshippers of idols. The principal object of their religious veneration are the *mzimu*, or spirits of their departed relatives, and the presiding genii of various localities. The *mzimu* are, in fact, their household gods, and they strive continually, by offerings and libations, to avert their wrath and render them propitious to their undertakings. They place unbounded confidence in their fetiches, which consist of charms and amulets of the most trifling and grotesque character. They have a profound belief in lucky and unlucky days and incidents, and in sickness abandon themselves to the incantations of their *mgangas*, or sorcerers, who prey upon their credulity, and plunder them at pleasure. The chief obstacles to their conversion consist in their superstitious practices, their natural instability, their habitual materialism, and the vices introduced among them by the Arab traders.

While Father Livinhac and his companions were pursuing their peaceful labours with daily increasing success, a fresh band of missionaries, sent by the indefatigable Archbishop Lavigerie, were hastening from Algeria to reinforce the first detachment. This second caravan started from Bagamoyo in the month of June, 1879, exactly twelve months after the despatch of the first expedition. It consisted of twelve missionaries and six Pontifical Zouaves, who had volunteered their services to the Fathers in order to relieve them of a portion of the labour and anxiety entailed upon them by the organization and direction of their numerous followers, in this instance amounting to no less than six hundred guards and porters. The expedition had not advanced far from the coast before the Fathers were deprived of the services of two of their military coadjutors, who were obliged to relinquish their purpose and return to Zanzibar, the one in consequence of a severe accident, and the other of a serious illness. In the course of a few weeks the missionaries arrived at Mpouapoua, worn out with fatigue, repeated attacks of fever, and the privations of the journey. They had suffered much from want of provisions, which were extremely scarce in many parts of the route, and very costly. They found the same state of things existing at Mpouapoua, and they would well-nigh have perished with hunger had it not been for the generous conduct of the resident Protestant missionaries, who lavished upon them every attention, paying them frequent visits, and supplying them with both oxen and sheep, and even with delicacies for the use of the sick. On their part, Father Ruellan, the Infirmarian of the party, was able to render a signal service to the director of the English mission by dressing his hand, which was in a dangerous state from a neglected ulcer, and, as the treatment happily proved beneficial, he remained, at the request of his patient, a few days after the departure of the caravan, to complete the cure. Arrived at length at Tabora, the good Father Ruellan and another missionary sank under the fatigues and privations of the journey, combined with the debilitating effects of repeated attacks of fever and dysentery. Dividing as before into two parties, the one bound for Tanganyika, and the other for Nyanza, each portion of the caravan had to make a fresh sacrifice before reaching their destination. In the one case it was a missionary and an auxiliary Zouave who were carried off by fever; in the other it was a lay-brother, who

perished in the forest by the lance of a robber. Thus they arrived at their posts with diminished numbers, being reduced by more than a third of their original party.

The zealous Superior was now able to carry out a design which he had long contemplated, namely, the establishment of a fresh post on the shores of the Nyanza. Hitherto Mtesa had persistently refused to allow any of the Fathers to depart from his capital, but on the arrival at Kadouma of the second band of missionaries, permission was obtained to establish a detachment of them in Uwaia, a tributary country lying to the north-east of the lake. Accordingly, having received from the kind monarch letters warmly recommending the strangers to the care of his vassal, Father Livinhac set out to meet his *confrères* and conduct them to the scene of their future labours. The post established on this occasion did not, however, prove a permanent success, one of the Fathers in charge becoming so broken down in health as to be compelled to return to Algeria, while the other, reduced by sickness, deemed it prudent to rejoin his companions in Uganda. An attempt made about the same time to commence a station in the independent kingdom of Mouéré, on the southern coast of the Nyanza, proved equally abortive from somewhat similar causes.

The failure of these efforts to extend their operations was, however, amply compensated by the establishment of the mission and orphanage of Tabora, in the kingdom of Unianyembe, a work happily completed by Father Guillet, a member of the third caravan, which in the year 1881 arrived to recruit the ranks of the missionaries. The central position of Tabora, where the road from Zanguebar diverges to the various kingdoms of the interior, and which is the common rendezvous of passing caravans, rendered such an establishment of extreme importance, both as affording the means of communication with the coast and special opportunities of redeeming the unhappy children belonging to the numerous slave-gangs which pass by that route. The orphanage of Tabora has since grown into an institution of considerable magnitude, where the youth of many negro races, redeemed from slavery, and supported by the alms of their brothers and sisters of Europe, the members of the Association of the Holy Childhood, are receiving the blessings of a Christian training, and being prepared to become one day the pioneers of religion and civilization among their various tribes.

Meanwhile the work of conversion was proceeding steadily in the kingdom of Uganda, when suddenly a terrible storm gathered over the rising mission, which threatened to involve it in complete destruction.

From the time of the first arrival of the Catholic missionaries, A.D. 1879, the favourable dispositions of Mtesa, a prince of remarkable intelligence and ability, had never wavered in their regard. The superstitions of fetichism, and the impostures of the Mahometan creed, which exercised their baneful influence around him, had in reality no hold upon his mind. It was not difficult to convince him of the reasonableness and certainty of revealed truth, and he knew how to appreciate the generous charity of those devoted men who had left home and country, and all that they held dear, to spread the knowledge and love of God throughout his dominions. On the other hand, their simple and lucid explanation of Catholic truth by way of catechetical instruction, commended itself much more to his common sense than the system adopted by the ministers of the Church of England, who placed the Bible in the hands of the ignorant natives as their sole rule of faith, and a sovereign panacea for their spiritual ailments. But unhappily Mtesa, with all his good qualities, was a sensualist, a politician, and a thorough man of the world. The ties of polygamy held him bound by the chains of the flesh, and the voice of self-interest proclaimed to him the impossibility of bending his shoulders beneath the yoke of Jesus Christ. On the one hand, the Arab merchants, who flocked to his court, and by whose commercial transactions he largely benefited, exercised over him a constant and pernicious influence; on the other, his eager desire to secure the protection and alliance of England tended to throw him into the hands of the Protestant missionaries. It was by the advice of the latter that he despatched, in the year 1880, an embassy to Queen Victoria with the view of contracting a strict alliance with that envied potentate. The history of this journey, given by the chief ambassador to his master upon the return of the mission, is too curious to pass over in silence:

"When we arrived," said he, "at Rionga, we left our wives, and travelled for three months through a desert before reaching Khartoum, then for two months more through another desert. We arrived at length at a Nyanza [the Red Sea]. There we mounted on a vessel—a vessel, O my master, as big as a hill. We then entered the capital of the

Turks [Egyptians], but we remarked that it is not the Turk, but the Wassoungos [Europeans] who govern the country.

"We then sailed across another Nyanza [the Mediterranean] to an island [Malta]. They told us that it belonged to the Queen of England. We thought naturally that the Queen lived there. But we had to go much further, and as they told us that we were not yet half-way, we thought that we should never see the end of our journey. We then sailed over another Nyanza [the Atlantic Ocean].

"At length, after many days, we arrived in England. Oh, what an infinite number of vessels did we see! When we beheld all the masts, it seemed like a forest of trees growing in the midst of the water. As we sailed up the river, all the captains of the ships cried out from the tops of their masts, 'The Baganda are come; make way for the Baganda!'"

The imaginary salute of the Thames captains is of course an adroit piece of flattery intended to tickle the ears of King Mtesa and his Baganda—that is, people of Uganda.

"We disembarked at London. The Queen sent an officer to meet us with a carriage and pair of horses. There are so many horses there that one can scarcely count them. All the houses are built of stone. O my master, they are magnificent, magnificent! They build two long walls as far as you can see [the front walls of the rows], and inside each of these walls is the house, which is divided in such a way that an innumerable number of people can live there.

"At the end of two days the Queen sent for us. We came into the midst of a crowd of ladies all dressed alike, so that it was impossible for us to know which was the Queen.

"The next day we went into a great field to see the soldiers. The soldiers of every captain wear a different uniform. Then we visited the place where they make the cannon. To load them, it takes two hundred small barrels of powder, and the bullet travels as far as from here to Nyamagona [about seven miles]. Afterwards we saw the magnificent guns which they make. A workman showed us one which he was finishing. Oh, it was so beautiful! Then we got them to show us how they make the powder.

"Some time afterwards we went to another place, but not on foot. We got into a wooden house [the railway carriage], which went off itself and took us along with it.

"On our return to London we went to see the Queen's animals. There are all kinds. Then we saw the crocodiles. Oh, wonderful, wonderful! They are not wild, but come when they are called, and will take a piece of flesh out of a man's hand. We saw also serpents, elephants, and all sorts of animals."

"See," remarked Mtesa, addressing his chiefs, "what a number of animals the Wassoungos present to their Queen."

"What a mighty monarch she must be!" exclaimed the first minister.

"No doubt," replied Mtesa; "but you could make me as great as she is, if you would present me with as many animals."

"Then," resumed the Ambassador, "they showed us the cows, the sheep, and the horses [doubtless, an agricultural show]. There we saw thousands of pigs, each with six young ones. They are for the Queen's food.

"Then we took leave of her Majesty. She gave us a vessel, which brought us in a month to Zanzibar, while it had taken us twelve months to travel to England.

"At Zanzibar we saw Said Bargash. He gave us presents; but it is only a small country. The Arabs deceive you, O my master, when they say that they have a great country on the coast. This coast belongs to the English, and the Arabs are their slaves. England is an immense country. There are so many bridges over the rivers, that one need not mount a boat to go from side to side. O my master, our country is nothing. Every chief in England has a territory as big as Uganda, Unyaro, and Usogo, all put together."

"Tell me that again," said Mtesa. "I like to hear the truth."

"Our country is nothing, O my master. In England," he continued, "a man has only one wife, but the woman has thirty children. When the Wassoungos come here they have no wives, but when they go back to England they become great chiefs, and have wives given them in reward for their services.

"We also saw in London a church with very big bells. When they ring the bells, you might hear them from here to Bousoga [about twenty miles].

"The Queen's house is full of glass and gold and silver. We sat upon chairs of ivory——"

"Stop, stop," cried Mtesa, who began to blush for the squalid meanness of his royal hut when compared with the splendour of Windsor. Then, dismissing his attendant chiefs, he strictly ordered the Ambassador, who, after exhausting his reminiscences, had begun to draw on the resources of his imagination, not to communicate to any one but himself what he had witnessed in the far-off land of the Wassoungos.

The political and religious revolution, which soon after convulsed the provinces of Upper Egypt, spread the fame of the Mahdi far and wide, until it reached at length the shores of the Victoria Nyanza. The result was highly unfavourable to the Catholic mission, as it greatly aroused the fanaticism of the Mahometan Arabs, already excited by the steady progress of the faith among the natives and the high regard manifested by the King for the teaching and persons of the Algerian Fathers. They accordingly formed a plot for the assassination



of the missionaries, rumours of which reached the latter in time to enable them to avoid the threatened catastrophe. In this critical situation, Father Livinhac and his companions deemed it their duty to obey scrupulously the command laid upon all the members of their Institute by their venerable Superior, and to withdraw for a time from a position which they could no longer hold without extreme danger to their lives. They hoped, moreover, to be able to pursue their labours with greater fruit among a people as yet uncontaminated by the pernicious influence which the disciples of Mahomet never fail to exercise over the negro races with whom they come in contact. Having communicated their intention to Mtesa, he at once signified his consent, and promised to provide them with boats for the voyage. He was not, in fact, ignorant of the plots laid against them, and the resolution which they had come to relieved him from an awkward dilemma; for he was far from wishing any evil to befall them, while at the same time he felt himself powerless to afford them efficient protection. They accordingly made hasty arrangements to dispose of a portion of their property, and having taken leave of their numerous catechumens amid many tears and lamentations, embarked with their orphans and a few of their recent converts upon the waters of the Nyanza.

Directing their course southwards, the exiled missionaries, after a tedious voyage of fifty-seven days, reached once more the well-remembered part of Kadouma, where, on their first arrival, they had spent so many months of anxious expectation. It was not, however, their intention to settle in a locality which was exposed to so constant an influx of passing caravans. Proceeding therefore further in a southerly direction, they selected as a favourable site for their future settlement the kingdom of Ukumbi, situated at the bottom of the gulf which forms the extreme southern point of the Victoria Nyanza. In this fertile province, the soil of which is well adapted for the cultivation of rice, cereals, and many kinds of grain, are to be found numerous herds of oxen and flocks of sheep and goats, while the natives themselves are of a docile and peaceful disposition. The usual friendly welcome awaited the missionaries on the part of the Sultan, Kiganga, who assured them of his protection, and readily made over to them the land necessary for their new establishment. Here we must leave the good Fathers diligently employed in laying both the material and spiritual foundations of their future mission, while their adopted

children, transferred meanwhile to the orphanage of Tabora, are receiving the priceless blessing of a Christian education.

Having completed his arrangements for the new foundation in Ukumbi, Father Livinhac directed his attention to the establishment of a settlement in the dominions of Mirambo, the powerful and warlike sultan of an extensive kingdom lying to the west of Tabora in the country of Uniamuezi. At the first interview Mirambo expressed his delight at the proposal of the Fathers, and promised to do all in his power to forward their undertaking. Being then engaged at war with the Watoata, a robber tribe dwelling in the neighbourhood of his dominions, he urged the missionaries to beware of selecting any site for their establishment which might be beyond the reach of his protection and exposed to the inroads of his enemies. It was at length arranged that Djioe la Singa, in the district of Boukouné, should be the site of the new mission, which was inaugurated by Father Lourdel at the beginning of the year 1884.

While these negotiations were proceeding, an event occurred which filled the hearts of the missionaries with joy and consolation. Their beloved and venerated Superior, Father Livinhac, was summoned to Algeria, to receive Episcopal Consecration from the hands of Cardinal Lavigerie. The solemn rite was performed in the Episcopal Seminary of Carthage, near the scene of the combats and victories of so many martyrs. And now, while we are penning these lines, the first Vicar Apostolic of the Victoria Nyanza is journeying back to his distant post, in company of Mgr. Charbonnier, the Vicar-Elect of Tanganyika—each at the head of a fresh band of labourers anxious to share in the toils and perils of the apostolate, and to assist in gathering in the mighty harvest of souls which lies ripe and ready for the sickle in the region of the Equatorial Lakes. Nor is it without a hope of revisiting his dear catechumens in Uganda that Mgr. Livinhac returns to his far-off mission, for tidings have recently arrived of the death of King Mtesa and of the accession to the throne of his son Mouanga, the warm friend of the missionaries, who, on the day of their departure into exile, followed them to the place of embarkation to bid them an affectionate and sorrowful farewell. May God prosper the journey of these generous apostles, and conduct them safely and happily to the goodly inheritance on which their lots have fallen!

H. GIBSON.

### *A Dramatic View of a Catholic Saint.*

---

IT would appear as if Lord Tennyson found a strange and almost unaccountable attraction in subjects which are intimately connected with the Church of his forefathers. His most ambitious attempts as a rival of Shakespeare, as every one knows, are *Harold*, *Queen Mary*, and *Becket*. The last two of these are essentially bound up with questions of English Church History, perhaps the most sharply debated between Catholic and Protestant; the first, besides its connection with our great Confessor, turns entirely, as the old legend goes, on the reverence paid by the Church to the relics of those who have in past ages been foremost in the good fight. Why matter such as this should have a fascination for the master mind of our Poet Laureate, we do not pretend to say. But so it is. Whether his efforts are always crowned with real success, whether he manages to produce trustworthy portraits of his Catholic heroes and heroines is quite another matter. Perhaps the results will not in every instance eventually be looked on as true likenesses of historic personages, into the character of whom each day is vouchsafing us a more clear insight, as new manuscripts are laid open to inspection by liberal governments, and new archives are rummaged through by zealous archæologists. The impulsive, weakminded, and somewhat hysterical woman who is fitted with a name and made to play the part of Mary Tudor—the sanguinary bigot with a dash of idiotcy, as she is elsewhere described—is really so repulsive and at variance with the modern idea of the grand-daughter of the astute Ferdinand and heiress of bluff King Hal, that it requires no small call upon esteem, gained by other sterling work in a more congenial sphere of action, to prevent a serious inroad on a well earned reputation. But after all it is well known that

Homer himself hath been observed to nod,  
and Lord Tennyson is clearly not destined to prove an exception to this rule of human frailty.

Leaving, however, the first-named plays “to make their way

as best they may," or to keep themselves in the remembrance of the world by a close union with more artistic work within the binding of a goodly octavo, it is time to turn to the special object of our paper. Harking back to the good old "dark ages," the blinded and superstitious (are not these the correct epithets?) mediæval times, it will not be without interest to inquire what sort of an object Thomas Becket presents, depicted on the retina of Lord Tennyson's imagination. If it is not entirely satisfactory, the author has his excuse. After all it requires a very superlative power to present just portraits of each of the wide circle of mankind who strut and fret their hour on this world's stage. Proud monarchs, ambitious ministers, stern republicans, unkempt peasants, who in truth has come off entirely successful in sketching them one after the other, true to life in almost every instance, save honest Will of Stratford? That Lord Tennyson's power is great and varied, his numerous works, household treasures in every British home, bear witness. The almost unanimous verdict of the English-speaking world as to his absolute pre-eminence at the present period in the art of poesy, or to his well recognized place among the bards of merry Albion, will not hastily be reversed. And rightly. But may it not be possible that he has overstepped the wide range of gifts which Providence has showered down on him? May it not be suspected that there are one or two phases of human life on this earth of ours, which owing to the groove in which his days have been passed, or the prejudices inherent to the education which helped, in the past days of growth, to develop his active brain, he fails to grasp in their entirety? To bring the question within narrower limits—are his pictures of Catholic statesmen and ecclesiastics so true to nature that they are likely to live in future time as masterpieces of genius and to add their quota in giving him a lengthened renown? Is the Gardiner of *Queen Mary* likely to take rank with the Wolsey of *Henry the Eighth*? More especially is the *Thomas Becket* delineated in the drama that bears his name, a trustworthy and mind-compelling picture? Or are we to come to the conclusion that the poet has disclosed unawares his inability to enter into the spirit of true, saintly Catholicity, even though on this occasion he has not had recourse to the distorting mirror of ultra-Evangelicalism for very lack of better aid to a full view of his hero. If this be so, the result is inevitable. A poet cannot hope for world-fame, unless the truth of his creation is firetried. A prejudice, a biassed leaning one way or the other, as surely mars the universal acceptability

of the work as a radical fault in the oils used by the painter eventually turns to early ruin the most splendid products of his talent.

Throughout the play the verse is as wonderfully smooth and easy as ever, the language is as choice and culled as of old, kings, knights, beggars are drawn with the same old accurate strength and gentle force—but the churchmen in most cases cannot please. Henry Plantagenet is true to his well-known disposition. He is a man subject to terrible onsets of rage, but as in the case of most wrathful men a natural generosity, aided perhaps by a natural self-accusation, sometimes struggles to regain power where the "Berserker," for it is little else, is not conjoined with an ambitious obstinacy to carry him beyond all limits. Queen Eleanor is much as she is reported to us by the annals of the century: a worldly, pleasure-loving, heartless woman, whose ample duchy more than herself was the object of her suitors, and who takes her revenge quite in the cool easy style that may be expected in return for such treatment as she has received. About Rosamund we have little to say. The taste that provoked the introduction of such a character into the drama, and still more the putting her into close conjunction with a man famous amid his fellow-men for his pure life, and this at the cost of entirely sacrificing historical truth, is not altogether what may be deemed praiseworthy. She is decked out with a profusion of artistic excellencies, and it is not her foster-father's fault if she is not received on the boards with the highest applause. But in truth the whole affair seems an unworthy leaning to join the ranks of those

Who gild our scenes,  
Poison the stage, and paint damnation gay.

But what about the title *rôle*. We have before us a man whose action at a critical point of his country's history, will be remembered as long as its annals are read. Are his motives well explored? Is the hidden spring of his deeds laid clear to the inquiring mind? The answer must be adverse. A second and a third perusal of the play, it is true, soften down somewhat a first impression, but each time a void is felt and a want discovered more and more. In Lord Tennyson's *Becket* we do not recognize the Catholic primate, the humble though firm upholder of the ancient and needful freedom of the Church, her one staunch son who, seeing his duty clearly, and relying on help from above, was not frightened from that duty by the wholesale desertion or trimming of his natural supporters, but undauntedly braved the

active enmity of some and gently rebuked the pusillanimity of others: the brave churchman, who more than once, conspicuously at Northampton, held his life in his hand and never quailed, who went steadily through his Master's work turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, who loved his foes till they did him to death on the floor of his own Cathedral, who never faltered save when he went counter to his own judgment to make reconciliation easy for them, who, finally, gave up his life in resistance to a policy which, under the plea of restoring time-honoured institutions, in reality strove to bring about a revolution that would have ended in a despotism worse and more disastrous than that of the Tudors. We fail to discern why all this was gone through. Was it mere love of opposition? Was it blind unreasoning devotion? Or was it sacrifice of self to a deep sense of responsibility to God?

But let us trace more closely the career of this "hard-headed politician" through the pages of the drama. As the Chancellor of the kingdom, St. Thomas was a man who gave his whole mind to the business he had in hand. Even if he had never been made archbishop, we should have heard of him as devoted to his work and many years in advance of his age in the way he plodded through cause after cause to lighten the burthen which even so early in its history pressed hard on the ancient Court of Chancery. As he says to Henry

Sire, the business  
Of thy whole kingdom awaits me, let me go.

What with the ever outblazing temper of the monarch and the rough ways of a military court, his position as representing the law was a trying and difficult one. If he failed to induce entire perfection in its dealings, we know that he both often used what influence he had in behalf of right and order, and bitterly regretted both then and in after life such shortcomings as his awkward situation drew him into. John of Salisbury, one of his dearest friends, writes that "he would with tears tell the Archbishop (Theobald) and his friends that he was wearied of his very life, and that after the desire of salvation there was nothing he so longed for as to be able to disentangle himself without disgrace from the snares of the Court; for though the world seemed to flatter him in everything, yet he was not unmindful of his condition and duty, and thus he was obliged on the one hand to strive for the safety and honour of the King, and on the other hand for the needs of the Church



and the Bishops, both against the King himself and against his enemies also, and by various acts to elude their various stratagems." The following passage, touching on his life as Chancellor, with all its good points, gives far too strong a colouring to weaknesses that in reality found anything but victory over him in whom they existed. St. Thomas is relating to Herbert of Bosham (a thoroughly ill-understood character by-the-bye) a dream relating to his elevation to the primacy :

Am I the man? That rang  
Within my head last night, and when I slept  
Methought I stood in Canterbury Minster,  
And spake to the Lord God, and said, "O Lord,  
I have been a lover of wines, and delicate meats,  
And secular splendours, and a favourer  
Of players, and a courtier, and a feeder  
Of dogs and hawks and apes and lions and lynxes.  
Am I the man?" And the Lord answered me :  
"Thou art the man, and all the more the man."  
And then I asked again : "O Lord my God,  
Henry the King hath been my friend, my brother,  
And mine uplifter in this world, and chosen me  
For this Thy great archbishoprick, believing  
That I should go against the Church with him,  
And I shall go against him with the Church,  
And I have said no word of this to him :  
Am I the man?" And the Lord answer'd me :  
"Thou art the man, and all the more the man."  
And thereupon methought He drew toward me,  
And smote me down upon the Minster floor.  
I fell.

The self-accusation of the Saint is put at too high a pitch. Thomas was no lover of wines in the sense that his indulgence in them approached in any way to excess. This is not the only place where that innuendo is made. Though there is no doubt that his food in the earlier part of his career was not by any means poor or coarse, though it is certain that his table was supplied with liberal prodigality for the bevy that shared his hospitality, still he himself was strictly moderate and self-restraining in his eating and drinking. His constitution, naturally a chilly one, required a certain quantum of stimulant to enable him to keep pace with the heavy work of his diocese, but, after the forewarning he received at Pontigny of his martyrdom, even this he seems to have entirely given up. It is, moreover, generally known that while at the very summit of grandeur in the Chancellorship and long before he was ordained Archbishop, he "often took the discipline from the

hands of Ralph, the Prior of Holy Trinity, when he was in the neighbourhood of London; and when he was at Canterbury, from the hands of Thomas, a priest of St. Martin's." It requires a little amount of thought to fully grasp what austerity, such as this, in a great King's Prime Minister means, and how many degrees of unworldliness had to be passed through before such a height was reached. To set it down to mere custom by no means adequately explains it. The human frame does not differ so much from century to century. Corporal austerity has pretty much the same effect in all ages, and at any rate, one would imagine that

A doter on white pheasant-flesh at feasts,  
A sauce-deviser for his days of fish,  
A dish-designer, and most amorous  
Of good old red sound liberal Gascon wine,

would find it desperately uncongenial.

We come now to the scene at Northampton, a portion of the action of which in reality happened at Clarendon. In the first place the strife between the Primate on the one side and Roger of York with Gilbert Foliot on the other, is carried on in a much less dignified way than is either likely to have been in accordance with the truth, or even worthy the seriousness of the questions involved. Girding at each other like school-boys, they are very properly called to order by the usher-President, himself no careful measurer of his words.

*Roger of York.* Oh, bolstered up with stubbornness and pride,  
Wilt thou destroy the Church in fighting for it  
And bring us all to shame?

*Becket.* Roger of York,  
When I and thou were youths in Theobald's house,  
Twice did thy malice and thy calumnies  
Exile me from the face of Theobald.

*Roger of York.* Now I am Canterbury and thou art York.  
And is not York the peer of Canterbury?  
Did not Great Gregory bid St. Austin here  
Found two archbishopricks, London and York?  
*Becket.* What came of that? The first Archbishop fled,  
And York lay barren for a hundred years.  
Why, by this rule, Foliot may claim the pall  
For London too.

*Foliot.* And with good reason too,  
For London had a temple and a priest  
When Canterbury hardly bore a name.

*Becket.* The pagan temple of a pagan Rome!  
The heathen priesthood of a heathen creed!  
Thou goest beyond thyself in petulancy!  
Who made thee London? Who, but Canterbury?

*John of Oxford.* Peace, peace, my lords!

There is a want of true dignity throughout Becket's speeches. As the scene proceeds, we feel that his temper is getting the better of him, and before he leaves the hall he absolutely descends to bandy opprobrious epithets with the curs who are baiting him. The poet may be true here to nature, but St. Thomas had something higher than nature working in him, and it is clear that the power of grace had no place allowed it in the design of the author. We know from other more authentic sources that St. Thomas' bearing was eminently stately and serene. Firm he was, but scurrilous he never condescended to be. His words to the Earl of Leicester, immediately before he left the assembly, were the following: "Son and Earl, yet listen. By as much as the soul is more worthy than the body, by so much are you bound to obey God and me rather than your earthly King. Neither law nor reason permits children to judge and condemn their father. Wherefore I decline the judgment of the King and yours, or that of any one else; for, under God, I will be judged by the Pope alone, to whom before you all I here appeal, placing the Church of Canterbury, my order, and my dignity, with all thereto belonging, under God's and his protection. And you, my brethren and fellow-bishops, who have served man rather than God, I summon to the presence of the Pope; and so, guarded by the authority of the Catholic Church and of the Holy See, I go hence." The whole story of that day's proceeding is maimed and marred because the feelings of the principal actor are depicted without due prominence being given to that real source of his strength, a calm and abiding sense of the support of God and of the righteousness of his cause. A blind enthusiasm would not have carried him so warily and yet so triumphantly through the dangers he that day braved. And how could Philip de Eleemosyna, Bishop, and Abbot of a large monastery, have dared to suggest to the disciple of Gratian and the well-grounded Catholic theologian, successor of Lanfranc and Anselm:

Cannot the Pope absolve thee if thou sign?

Doctrine like this smacks of the calumnies of Exeter Hall and Low Church May meetings. There is no such trickery in the Church of God.

The Montmirail interview is defective in two ways. It represents the King as the more straightforward and honest man, and Becket as secretly viewing the whole matter as a specious farce.

*Henry.*

Yet, yet—that none may dream  
 I go against God's honour—ay, or himself  
 In any reason, choose  
 A hundred of the wisest heads from England,  
 A hundred, too, from Normandy and Anjou :  
 Let these decide on what was customary  
 In olden days, and all the Church of France  
 Decide on their decision, I am content.  
 More, what the mightiest and the holiest  
 Of all his predecessors may have done  
 Even to the least and meanest of my own,  
 Let him do the same to me—I am content.

*Louis.*

Ay, ay ! The King humbles himself enough.

*Becket (aside).*

Words ! he will wriggle out of them like an eel  
 When the time serves.

And again, before the close, his temper flies out and excommunications are scattered broadcast. Further on he allows the following to escape his lips :

(Walter) Map scoffs at Rome. I all but hold with Map.  
 Save for myself no Rome were left in England,  
 All had been his. Why should this Rome, this Rome,  
 Still choose Barabbas rather than the Christ,  
 Absolve the left hand thief and damn the right ?  
 Take fees of tyranny and wink at sacrilege  
 Which even Peter had not dared ? Condemn  
 The blameless exile ?

*Herbert.*

Thee, thou holy Thomas !

I would thou hadst been the Holy Father.

*Becket.*

I would have done my most to keep Rome holy,  
 I would have made Rome know she still is Rome--  
 Who stands aghast at her eternal self  
 And shakes at mortal kings—her vacillation,  
 Avarice, craft—O God, how many an innocent  
 Has left his bones upon the way to Rome,  
 Unwept, uncared for. Yea—on mine own self  
 The King had had no power except for Rome.  
 'Tis not the King who is guilty of mine exile,  
 But Rome, Rome, Rome !

*Herbert.*

My Lord, I see this Louis

Returning, ah ! to drive thee from his realm.

The interruption comes none too soon. The man who could deliberately utter such words as the above is a man to sacrifice everything rather to place, power, or riches, than to truth, virtue, or unity. It sounds like the rancour of a Latimer or Melancthon. It is not the patient expostulation of an Anselm or Becket. Scandals have been at Rome, and it were truly better that those by whom the scandals came should have had a millstone hung about their necks, and that they should have been drowned in

the depths of the sea. But the Rome, that means the Court of Rome, differs *toto calo* from the Rome, that means the Church of Rome, and it is precisely the intermingling of these two in one undistinguishing censure which makes these words so impossible in the mouth of St. Thomas. But an extract or two from his own letters to Pope Alexander on the subject of his suspension are better than a dozen lines of refutation to show the real spirit which breathed in him.

O my Father, my soul is in bitterness ; the letters by which Your Holiness was pleased to suspend me have made myself and my unhappy exiles a very scorn of men and outcast of the people, and, what grieves me worse, have delivered up God's Church to the will of its enemies. . . What is there that this man (Henry) may not now look for, when, through agents famous only for their crimes, he has circumvented those *who have the key of knowledge*, overthrown the *ministers of justice*, and seared the *majesty of the Apostolic See*. This King, whose sole hope rests on the chance of Your Holiness's death or mine, has obtained the very thing he wishes—a fresh delay, in which one or other of those events might happen. God avert them ! But Your Holiness counsels me to bear with patience the *meanwhile*. And do you not observe, O Father, what this *meanwhile* may bring about, to the injury of the Church and of Your Holiness's reputation ? *Meanwhile*, he applies to his own purposes the revenues of the vacant abbeys and bishoprics, and will not suffer pastors to be ordained there ; *meanwhile*, he riots in uncontrolled insolence against the parishes, churches, holy places, and the whole sacred order ; *meanwhile*, he and the other persecutors of the Church make their will their law ; *meanwhile*, who is to take charge of the sheep of Christ, and save them from the jaws of wolves, who no longer prowl around, but have entered the fold, and devour and tear and slay, with none to resist them ? . . . We shall soon stand all of us before the tribunal of Christ, and by His Majesty and terrible judgment I conjure Your Holiness, *as my father and lord*, and as the supreme judge on earth, to render justice to His Church and to myself, against those who seek my life to take it away."

And in a letter written about the same time to the Bishop of Hereford, he says—referring, it seems, to his future martyrdom—

Now, to end all as it ought to be ended, since the Lord has shown us what and how great things we have to suffer for His Name's sake and for the defence of His Church, we have need that you, and the Church committed to your care, should pray without ceasing for us ; that where by our merits we fail, we may by your prayers and by those of the saints under your rule be able to endure, and thus deserve to obtain grace everlasting.

The scene cannot be dismissed without a remonstrance against the treatment meted out to poor Herbert of Bosham, the Archbishop's chaplain. All through the five acts he is continually breaking out into sayings far removed from wisdom, and here and there, it must be confessed, he absolutely drivels.

*Becket (in answer to Walter Map)* Ay, if this *if* be like the devil's "*if*  
Thou wilt fall down and worship me."

*Herbert.* Oh, Thomas,  
I could fall down and worship thee, my Thomas,  
For thou hast trodden this wine-press alone.

Again, during the height of the trouble at Northampton, when swords had been bared and rough knights were awaiting the smallest signal to bound into the hall, and then and there imbrue their hands in the Primate's blood, when everything, therefore, depended on the blending of firmness with the utmost self-possession, he cries out :

Ah, Thomas, excommunicate them all.

If, however, we turn to the chronicles of the time, we find that, besides being a devoted and affectionate companion to the Saint, and faithfully adhering to Thomas through the whole of his wanderings, the trust Becket had in him, and the use that was made of him in many secret and difficult matters, prove him a man of the highest wisdom and address.

We cannot give much space to the account of the martyrdom. No one will be surprised, seeing that the story of Fair Rosamund is so intertwined with the fortunes of the Archbishop by the poet, that the real historical cause of the latter's murder is laid to a great extent to one side, and in its place is put the rage of Henry on hearing that the Clifford had been taken to Godstow Convent. But we may ask one question. Is it advisable, even in the imagined interests of the play, thus to falsify an authentic story known to everyone, and to substitute in its place, as an excuse for assassination, an act which every right-minded man in the three kingdoms would approve if it were done for the sake of his own daughter ?

Lord Tennyson seems to have leant to the view of some modern writers that the actual homicide took place amid a violent altercation. This, however, differs essentially from the accounts given by bystanders and contemporaries, and detracts much from the saintliness of the death. Edward Grim, the brave monk who tried in vain to ward off the hostile blow, says :



The glorious Martyr raised neither his hand nor garment to shield himself from the assailant. When struck, he neither uttered word nor raised cry or groan or sound indicative of any pain; but he held his head, which he had bent when the swords were unsheathed, motionless, until covered with blood and brains, like a man bent forward in deep prayer, he rested his body on the pavement and breathed forth his soul into the bosom of Abraham.

Far from using nettling language to the half-drunken brutes who assailed him, his words at both meetings with them were, with one richly-merited exception, singularly mild. His *one* act of physical resistance was to prevent his being dragged from the holy place at the will of his murderers. If he was to die, he would die at the foot of God's altar, not in the public street.

So perished Thomas Becket—the man who loved the King before whom he would not crouch, a willing holocaust offered in defence of Divine right. Whether his death was deliberately planned by his sovereign must remain a secret till that Great Day when the world shall be judged in equity, and when “nothing shall be covered that shall not be revealed, nor hid that shall not be known.” But there are deep suspicions that tell terribly against the asserted innocence of Henry Curtmantle. God alone knows the truth, and from Him he has long since had the reward of his stewardship, and in the hands of His Providence we must be content to leave him.

We take exception, then, to Lord Tennyson's Becket because he is wanting in that marked characteristic of the true Becket—a deep honest humility and its invariable accompaniments, an almost undisturbed meekness and a brilliant faith; a humility which, to quote three of its most striking instances, made him beg, nay command, his chaplain Herbert to tell him to his face aught that seemed unseemly in his conduct; which brought him to the feet of Pope Alexander, and there moved him to pray to be relieved of all the honours and grandeur of his lately-acquired Archbishopric, in order that a wiser, better, and more capable man might be chosen for that responsible office, and this at a time when most men would be smarting with their wrongs, and dreaming of revenge on the first opportunity; which, finally, prompted him to accept, as soon as he lawfully could, the King's pretended reconciliation, and risk his life for the sake of a peace he feared otherwise never to obtain for his dear flock. In the play he fights for his object as a politician or diplomatist. He is in short an Ecclesiastical Premier in rough times, with an

important Bill in hand, and now and then has no slight resemblance to a certain other Premier when under a course of severe Opposition baiting. This, we suppose, is what one of the daily papers, in a review of this same work, meant by the "common-sense view of Becket's character," a remark which was followed up by the explanatory clause that "he is depicted too obstinately and aggressively a martyr to be in any true sense a saint." *Pace ephemeridis*, it is hardly possible for common sense to be divorced from truth.

About St. Thomas' wonderful purity, the unanimous witness of his contemporaries as to its high excellence may be accepted as simple truth. Perhaps it would have received a more exalted recognition by a writer of his own faith than is the case here. But we do not challenge Lord Tennyson's right to produce a hero after his own mind. Far from it. Our task has not been to discuss how much or how little his Becket fell short of possible reality, but rather how far or how near he was to the actual reality. If Lord Tennyson had written, *per impossibile*, a play with, say, Cromwell for its hero, and had made him talk in the style of a Johnson and give vent to the opinions of a Clarendon, the piece would not have had a chance, for his readers would immediately have noted the incongruity. But when Lord Tennyson sits down and sets pen to paper, and produces an historical drama with a Catholic Prelate for its hero, then he may assign him the language of a Lollard and the views of a Luther without fearing discovery by an audience purblind, partly through prejudice, but still more, as times go now, through ignorance. He cannot, however, find fault if those who are behind the scenes mark the frippery and tinsel of the histrionic dress, and object to recognize in his worldly stagemime a canonized Archbishop of the Church of God. St. Thomas can be judged and described accurately only by one who has lived the active life of faith which he himself lived. And when any writer unites to this sound faith and a solid knowledge of the ascetical life, the thought-fervour and word-ease of our Poet Laureate—then and then only shall we look for a worthy and enduring portrait of our great Canterbury martyr.

CHARLES NICHOLSON.

*A Sonnet.*

---

DANTE AT THE CONVENT OF SANTA CROCE DEL CORVO.

---

WAYWORN and weary at the gates he stood,  
An exile-pilgrim, long of dark despair  
Led, his poor heart ne'er ponder'd, reck'd not, where,  
Till stay'd, in musing and distemper'd mood,  
By that blest refuge from the world so rude :  
"What would'st thou?" ask'd the Frate,—answer fair  
None made he; and again, "What would'st thou?"—  
ne'er  
A word, save one word, "*Peace*," he spake, subdued !  
There, on the peaceful hill o'er Spezia's bay,  
Nor anywhere in this world, his to find,  
Though seeking sore and sorrowful alway,  
What no one ever found of all mankind,  
Save only they, with last strength that remain'd,  
Who at heaven's door did knock, and entrance gain'd.

ROBERT STEGGALL.

## *A Ride through Paraguay.*

---

THERE is a peculiar gratification in leaving a noisy, commercial city, like Buenos Ayres, for the quietude and repose of Paraguay, but when the charm is heightened by the memory of noted events, how greatly is the pleasure enhanced! The sight of a place on which mighty deeds have been enacted, has an influence over the feelings more or less powerful according to individual character. Ivy-covered ruins, battlefields, martyrs' graves, the places where great truths were uttered, or oppression resisted—all, in process of time, must become so many shrines, to be visited by devout pilgrims from afar, and find a response in the manifold sympathies of the human heart.

Such were a few of the thoughts that passed through my mind as, a few weeks ago, we seized an opportunity to renew our acquaintance with this interesting country, one whose natural beauties and historical associations give it an eminent claim to notice, yet practically a *terra incognita* to the outer world. Paraguay is situated between 21° and 27° south latitude, distant by the course of the river about one thousand miles from the Atlantic, and shut out from the Pacific by the Andean barrier.

Asuncion, the capital, was first settled in 1536. It is prettily placed, the land rising, at the point where the city stands, about fifty feet above the river, but its aspect is mournful in the extreme. It has never recovered the effects of the fatal war, which Lopez the Dictator waged against the combined forces of Brazil and the Argentine Republic.

We visited several of the churches, but in none are there any remains of the old Jesuit carvings. Since our former visit the Sisters of Charity have established a convent, also the Vincentian Fathers, upon whom the mantle of the Jesuits seems to have fallen.

In the early morning the market-place presents a curious

sight; hundreds of women seat themselves on the ground, dressed as usual in white. They sell cigars, oranges, mandioca, chipà, meat, vegetables, and the beautiful lace, which is called *ñandutay*, or spider's web. They make this lace from the fibre of the aloe, and use as patterns natural plants and real spiders' webs; in one little piece of lace there are often webs of ten or twelve different designs.

We left the city of Asuncion an hour after sunrise, the train being crowded with passengers. For a few miles our route lay through small plantations of maize and mandioca, and numerous orange-groves. Most of the inhabitants were women, who performed all the labours of the field. It is said that more than two hundred thousand men perished in the war with Brazil, but in a few years the void so occasioned will be filled, as nine boys are born for one girl. It was pleasant to see the neat appearance of the women, and their cheerful faces seemed to assure one that they had forgotten all the horrors of the war.

At Luque, where a halt was made of fifteen minutes, we were enabled to buy from the women some cooked fowls and chipà; the latter is a kind of bread, of saffron-colour and oily taste, made from the mandioca root, and of excellent flavour. It is best about seven days after baking, and is very good even a month old. The surrounding country was delightful all the way to Arecuà, a well-built village on the borders of Lake Ypacaray. This magnificent sheet of water stretched several miles to the north, as far as the foot of the Cordillera of Azcurra, in the wooded acclivities of which the Paraguayans made their last stand against the armies of Brazil. During two months a handful of men and boys, reduced by hunger to extremities, held the passes of the mountain-range like the Spartans at Thermopylæ. Not one of them survived, but their bones are still seen where they fell. It would be difficult in the whole world to find a more charming spot than Patiño Cuè, where President Lopez had his country-house before the war. In the background is a steep hill covered with forest, and the house is embowered in orange-groves, the view in front taking in the whole expanse of the lake, which is about as large as the Lake of Lucerne. There are thousands of the beautiful *Victoria Regia*, the seeds of which resemble maize, and are used by the women for making bread. What infinite study is found in its leaves! One never wearies of examining those great pages of

nature's book. Here in their native waters they look as if they could bear the weight of man, and are covered at all times with myriads of water-fowl gleaning the "corn," and whose brilliant plumage contrasts most exquisitely with the dark green leaves. The railway runs along the edge of the lake for some miles, and as we approached Cerro Leon, where the Paraguayans mustered an army of forty-five thousand men at the outbreak of the war, one of the passengers pointed out to us a new German colony, called San Bernardino, where three hundred settlers are established.

We passed some fields of rice, sugar, and tobacco, but no wheat, nor any kind of grain except maize; the latter thrives here under all circumstances, and requires little labour. Oranges are so abundant that you can buy a dozen for a halfpenny. At the station of Itauguà I found an Englishwoman, who kept the coffee-room; she was a widow, her husband having been killed in the war, and wept bitterly at the idea that she was never likely again to see England. Her little daughter spoke English well.

The valley of Pirayù, famous for cattle farms belonging to the Jesuits in the seventeenth century, owes its picturesque beauty to Batovì and other peaks of the mountain range that closes in towards Paraguari. This is a pretty little town in the heart of Paraguay, from which the four main routes diverge: eastward the road to Asuncion, southward to Yaguaron, westward to the River Tebiquary and Villa Rica, and northward to the country beyond the mountains.

The last is particularly interesting, because it passes the cave of St. Thomas, where that Apostle is supposed to have died. It is not for me to discuss whether St. Thomas may have converted a part of China, and finally crossed Behring Straits to the American continent, in which case he might have come all the way down to Paraguay. But the legend, whether true or false, is firmly believed there, and perhaps found favour with the Jesuits because they found the shadowy outline of belief of a Virgin and Mother of a Redeemer, when Father Thomas Field and Father Ortega first settled in the country. It is more likely that some of the Chiquitos Indians of Bolivia converted by St. Francis Solano had given rise to such belief, than that it had been preserved sixteen hundred years from the time of St. Thomas, or that he ever visited America.

The tyrant Francia pulled down the old Jesuit College



and church at Paraguari some sixty years ago, and the best houses are built from the materials of them. We were able to hire horses here for a journey to Yaguaron, for which destination we started next morning. The road skirted a swampy plain, where an English colony had been established in 1876. We passed several graves, for 160 of the unfortunate settlers perished here. It was a cruel thing to send out from London 650 helpless people, picked up at Houndsditch and Whitechapel, and pass them off on the Paraguayan Government as "Lincolnshire farmers." They had never seen a plough in their lives. Among them were a few people of education, who had seen better days. Here they were encamped fifteen months, suffering from hunger and exposure, until an English gentleman, Captain Angelo, who chanced to be travelling in Paraguay, took compassion on them, obtained them some food from the Government at Asuncion, and attended them with such assiduity that he died, being in advanced years, overcome by his efforts. He had written to Mr. Frederic St. John, British *Chargé d'Affaires* at Buenos Ayres, by whose exertions the survivors were ultimately rescued and conveyed to Buenos Ayres, the funds being supplied by the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society of that city and some English merchants.

Ascending a steep and stony hill, we had a widely-extended view of the country. Far away to the west was Cerro Porteño, between which and the River Tebiquary lay a large estate belonging to an Irish gentleman named Lowry, who bought the land very cheap some years ago. Feathery palms shot up their bare trunks from the surrounding forest, as we plunged into its depths. At noon we stopped at a hut, in the middle of a small clearing, where tobacco was growing: the woman received us kindly, and gave us "yerba mate," or Jesuit's tea. This national beverage is served in a gourd, often richly ornamented, and is imbibed through a bombilla, a metallic tube, which at the bottom expands into a bulb, pierced with holes to act as a strainer. Our hostess told us that the price of tobacco had risen so considerably that she was now in comparatively easy circumstances. The inhabitants make their own cigars, but smoke them so green that an Englishman would find them too strong. I saw a quantity of tobacco leaves drying under a rude shed; they were of a special kind, called *Peti-Para*, which the woman intended to make into cigars for the Buenos Ayres market.

Another kind, known as Peti-Hobi, is also set apart for exportation. Not only the women of the country smoke, but also children, and even infants in arms. Peti-Hobi, or the blue leaf, has been cultivated for more than a century, but Peti-Para, or the yellow leaf, was introduced from Cuba about fifty years ago.

It was late in the evening when we reached Yaguaron, a village of three hundred inhabitants, and one of the most ancient places in the country. It was founded in 1536, or half a century before the arrival of the Jesuits, the Indians of the locality having been converted by the Franciscans. In the seventeenth century it was a flourishing Jesuit mission; the church still stands, and a bell (cast by the Jesuits), hangs on a separate wooden frame, with the date 1723. On the hill overlooking the village are two wooden crosses, said to have been put up by the Fathers. The old College is now the residence of the Justice of the Peace, who hospitably entertained us for the night. At supper, the first dish placed on the table was a pyramid of peeled oranges, which disappeared almost as fast as one might suppose a dish of potatoes would in an Irish cabin. The second was composed of cakes like sponge cakes, but not made in the same way. The third was beef-tea, served round in bowls, and this terminated the feast.

Two snow-white hammocks, in an otherwise empty room which seemed to have been a class hall in the olden time, were allotted to my husband and myself, in which we slept soundly after so fatiguing a ride. Before resuming our journey we visited a number of huts, and found all the people engaged in making essence of orange-leaves, for which Yaguaron is famous.

Our route lying due south, we started with fresh horses and rode nearly fifteen miles to Ibicuy, where Lopez had an arsenal during the war. He compelled Mr. Twite, the geologist, to make gunpowder and cast cannon at this place, the vicinity possessing much iron of superior quality. The works are in utter ruin, and Mr. Twite, who was one of the few persons that survived the war, is now in the East Indies, Director of the Botanical Gardens in Ceylon. From Ibicuy we travelled south-east to the River Tebiquary, which we crossed in a canoe, the horses swimming after us. It is more usual for the natives to cross by means of a "pelota," that is, a bull's hide stitched round into a ball, and serving as a buoy or life-belt. Nobody

should try this mode unless a good swimmer, and when the current is not rapid.

The country all about here is intersected by several streams and skirted by wooded ridges of rolling lands. Everywhere we saw tobacco, corn, mandioca, pumpkins, onions, oranges, and melons. The latter, though small, were of delicious flavour. It is almost impossible to name a tropical fruit which does not thrive, with the least possible care: bananas, plantains, and pine-apples are cultivated on a limited scale; but in no country do they mature in greater perfection.

Doctors are very rare in Paraguay: a few "curanderos" only are to be found. These are men supposed to be skilled in the knowledge and application of the remedies drawn from the vegetation of the country. Father Falconer, an English Jesuit, both physician and botanist, says: "Paraguay is enriched by the bounty of nature with so many wholesome plants, roots, gums, woods, and fruits, that whoever is skilled in the knowledge of these things would have no occasion for European druggists to cure any disease."

All the valley south of the Tibiquary as far as Itapua on the Upper Paraña, is thickly sown with ruins of the Jesuit missions—San Pedro, Jesus, Carmen, Trinidad, San Cosme, San Miguel, Santa Rosa, Santa Maria, &c. This portion of the Missions comprised about 40,000 Indians, who contributed a force of 2,000 men to suppress the revolt of Antequera, in the seventeenth century. All the arts of peace were at the same time so assiduously cultivated that in 1710 (according to a Spanish traveller) the Jesuits had trained up "clever carpenters, masons, smiths, turners, carvers, painters, gilders, bell-founders, organ-builders, and mechanics." They had printing-offices at Santa Maria and San Javier, besides an observatory at San Cosme, and the curious student who visits the British Museum may see books in the Guarani language printed from brass types cast at Santa Maria in the beginning of the eighteenth century. The observatory of San Cosme was directed during thirty years by Father Suarez, who has left 147 observations of Jupiter's satellites, besides correspondence with Delisle at St. Petersburg, Koegler at Pekin, and other astronomers down to the year 1741, when he died.

It is dangerous even to explore the ruins of what were, 150 years ago, flourishing missions, as they are thickly covered with jungle, in which tigers are numerous. The Church of Santa

Rosa is still in a good state of preservation, and was built in 1698, that is, seventy years before the expulsion of the Jesuits; it is 270 feet long, the altar and pulpit being beautifully carved in the hard wood of the country, and the iron railings wrought in a most artistic manner.

Centuries may elapse before Paraguay attains such a condition of prosperity as it enjoyed under the Jesuits. It has a delightful climate and fertile soil, but is almost depopulated. Meantime the records of that golden age, when, as even Voltaire expressed it, "the Jesuit Republic became a triumph of humanity," will always speak with pathos to the traveller who finds tigers have made their abode in the deserted shrines, schools, and workshops of the gentle and intelligent Guarani tribes of the last century.

M. MULHALL.

### *Characteristics of Bats, ancient and modern.*

---

AMONG the fossils of the secondary rocks, known as belonging to the age of reptiles, those of the Pterodactyl are considered the most remarkable. They are of various dimensions, ranging from that of sparrow to that of the largest bird now living. These reptiles had a broad membrane stretching from the fifth finger of their front claw to their body, with which they were able to sustain themselves in the air, as they flitted from tree to tree as do the bats of the present day. Many of them were armed, not only with claws, but also with hooked beaks and sharp teeth, which would enable them to catch and tear their prey.

The anomalous construction of the Pterodactyl, or Great Wing-finger, was long a puzzle to anatomists. Cuvier, after careful investigation, showed that it was a species of lizard, possessed of the power of flight, which however it performed not by a membrane stretched over its ribs as represented in the dragon, but between the fingers, like the bats, except that the wing was attached, not as in their descendants to several, but only to a single finger, the fifth, the others being all free and short. The bones of the fifth finger were very greatly elongated, the last joint terminating in a long, slender, unguarded apex, while the end joints in the other fingers were furnished with strong claws. The elbows of their wings were tipped with hooks by which they could suspend themselves from trees. The size and form of the extremities prove that the Pterodactyl was capable of perching on trees, of hanging against perpendicular surfaces, and of standing firmly on the ground, where, with wings folded, it might crawl on all-fours like a bat, or hop like a bird. The largest species have been found in the secondary beds of this country. In the upper greensand at Cambridge a species has been discovered that had a spread of twenty-five feet across! and another has been found in the Kentish chalk nearly as large.

The various species, about thirty in number, differ so much both in form and structure that they have been classed as the *pterosauria*. They were possessed of large, long-snouted, crocodile heads, huge, powerful jaws armed with teeth the greater part of their length, but with their tips sheathed in horny beaks. They had long, bird-like necks resembling those of a bat, rather small bodies, and little or no tail. These animals fed chiefly on beetles and other insects, while some were peaceful vegetarians, browsing on the tree-ferns and palms, and occasionally stretching up their long necks to tear the leaves from the tall pine trees. Thus we find that in those far distant ages when reptiles were rapidly multiplying on the earth, and when we can discover but the slightest trace of the beginning of bird existence, the ancestors of the bats reigned over land and sea and air, being then in the height of their glory. Next followed the chalk period and the remains of the swimming, flying, and walking reptiles are rarely found among the fossils of that epoch, their place being taken by the mammalia.

Of all the modified insect-eaters, the descendants of the Pteroptiles are the most extraordinary. They are in fact so different from the others that they have been classed in a distinct order—the *Cheiroptera*. A bat may be called a living anachronism, having something obsolete and paradoxical in every part of its organization; its skin-wings, which were quite in vogue in the days of the Devonian monster period, having gone completely out of fashion among the representative creatures of our latter day world. Fossil remains, however, of *Cheiroptera* much resembling our present bats are occasionally found in the Eocene rocks, but owing to the delicacy of the bones it is difficult to ascertain their exact species.

Our common Bat, a little creature about three inches long, has a body something like a shrew, large ears, a protruding snout and many sharp teeth, the breast-bone projecting more than in most mammalia, and covered with a large mass of muscle (as in birds) fitted to move the wings and having nipples to suckle its young. Their bodies are always covered with hair, but the wings consist of a leathery membrane. Another singularity in one species, is, the extremity of the spine being converted into two jointed, horny pieces, covered with skin, so as to form a *box of two valves*, each having an independent motion; and every species is particularly distinguished from all other mammalia by possessing powers of flight. A



lemur *Galeopothecus*, which exists in the eastern part of the globe, takes long sweeps from tree to tree, owing this faculty to the extension of its skin between its four and hind limbs, but it cannot really be said to fly. Bats alone among unfeathered creatures enjoy this privilege, and the prolongation of what in common parlance we should call the arms and fingers, constitutes the framework which supports the skin or membrane forming the wings. They have large shoulder-blades and collar-bones, a strong upper arm, a very long lower arm, and four immensely long fingers to their hand, with short-clawed thumbs, that serve as hooks for various purposes. Their hind legs are short and weak with a long spur behind the heel of the five-toed feet; and finally the skin of their bodies grows on over the arms and long fingers, filling in the space between the elbows and the neck in front, and stretching away behind the legs, so as to enclose the tail. This skin growing from the back above and the under part of the body below, encloses the bones of the arms, hands, and legs, like a kite with calico stretched on both sides, and when the long fingers are outspread and the legs opened, no limbs are seen, but only a small body and head, with an immense expanse of skinny wing, from which the short-clawed thumbs and the four toes of the feet stick out before and behind.

The bat is so essentially fitted for flying through the air, that it makes but little use of the running power, which, in common with all other insect-eaters, it possesses, for though a true quadruped, its awkward gait, as it shuffles along on its clawed thumbs and toes, plainly shows that it is not an earth-loving animal. But seen at night on the wing it is quite another creature, flitting about in and out of cracks and crevices, under the eaves, round the haystacks, or among the trees, and never once striking its wings against anything, though it has been proved that it does not trust chiefly to its bead-like eyes to guide it. Bats have been blinded, their eyes stopped up with wool, and their noses with sponge dipped in camphor, and yet, without sight, hearing, or smell, they steered quite successfully between outstretched threads or tree branches and found their way into a hole in the roof. It is a curious fact that all winged mammals have become nocturnal, as if they could not compete with the talents of their daylight contemporaries. The winged lemur, the flying-fox, and the flying-squirrel are all moonshiners and dread the light, but they all have the exaggerated optics of

an owl, evening eyes that catch every ray of the fading twilight; while the eyes of the common bat are as rudimentary as those of a mole. The wings are abundantly supplied with nerves and blood-vessels, and having little rough points all over the surface; their ears have generally a second ear-lobe or leaf within the outer one, and those which have not this, have leaves of skin or membrane round the nose. The body is covered with short fur of a mouse colour tinged with red.

It is still a question how bats find their food, whether they *feel* the approach of a little beetle meeting them in their rapid flight? For that they do not hunt at random is proved by their quick turns and dodges in pursuit of an individual insect. Nor can their pigmy eyes help them much. In seizing their prey, the jaws of a bat produce a peculiar clicking sound. This click is often heard at midnight in the deepest gloom of a tropical forest. The long-eared varieties may *hear* many sounds that would escape a human ear, but their capacity of finding so much food in the dark is still almost incomprehensible, for most bats are enormous feeders. The *Kalong* eats twice, and the common *Horse-shoe Bat* at least four times, its own weight in the course of the twenty-four hours, and they have all that peculiar musky odour that seems to be a characteristic of so many voracious creatures, the ichneumon, the racing beetle and the alligator. As the Euclidean *punctum* is defined to be a point without extension, the voice of a bat might be called a sound without vibrations, a shrill, sudden squeak unlike any other sound in nature or art. Though piercing enough to be heard from afar, it is too abrupt to guide the ear in any special direction. A Wood-Bat may be put in a narrow box, and placed on the table, and a high bet might without risk be ventured on, that the incessant shrieks of the captive will not betray its hiding-place; to nine persons out of ten the sound will seem to come from all parts of the room at once.

The *Cheiroptera* differ in many of their habits from all other creatures of our planet. All winged insects can run or hop, the sea-gull runs, swims, and dives, but bats are completely "at sea" in the water, with the exception of the Japanese roussette, and almost helpless on *terra firma*; they eat, drink, and court their mates on the wing, and some species even carry their young during their nightly excursions. Indeed bats may be said to sleep in the air; instead of building nests they hang by the thumb-nail—touching their support only with the point

of a sharp hook. But this hand-hook is connected with muscles of amazing tenacity, in cold climates—where bats have to club together for mutual warmth—fifty or sixty of them have been seen in one bundle, representing an aggregate weight of about fifteen pounds, all supported by one thumb-nail. While the head-centres must be as warm as a child in a cosy little bed, it is difficult to imagine how the outsiders survive the cold of the northern climates, for notwithstanding their voracity, these animals accumulate no fat, and the flying membrane is but a poor protector against a Canadian winter. The only explanation is, that their winter torpor is a trance; hibernating bears and dormice become wide awake at a moment's notice, but bats might be skinned without betraying a sign of life, and no little warmth is necessary to revive them, their wings being often quite brittle with rigid frost.

Many bats prefer roosting in caves, with winding passages that shelter them against direct draughts, but with a wide, though not a too visible opening, as they do not like to squeeze themselves through narrow clefts. Dormitories combining these requisites attract these animals from far and near. The ancient grotto of Posilipo, near Naples, and the Biels-Höhle in the Hartz Mountains, are tenanted by hundreds of thousands of bats that avoid all the neighbouring caverns. The great Mammoth Cave in Kentucky—the largest in the known world—contains countless numbers of bats, and it is a remarkable fact that many of the animals which have settled in the long galleries of this cavern are born quite blind, generation after generation. Here, too, there are blind rats with large shiny eyes which cannot see, there are also blind fish and blind insects which, having no use for their eyes in these dark galleries, are no longer furnished with organs of sight.

The largest known bat is the *Pteropus Edulis*—one of the fruit-eating species, chiefly met with in Sumatra and Java. The adult male generally measures about twelve inches in length and about five feet from the top of one wing to that of the other. They live in flocks; numbers of them, after selecting a large tree for their resort, suspend themselves with the claws of their hinder extremities to the branches in companies of several hundreds, and afford a singular spectacle. They pass the greater portion of the day in sleep, hanging motionless, ranged in rows with the head downwards in close contact; they have in fact so little resemblance to living beings, that they have frequently been

mistaken by those not familiar with them for a part of the tree, or for a fruit of uncommon size suspended from its branches.

*Pteropus Medius* is the flying-fox of Europeans; wherever fruit is abundant in the Indian Peninsula (south of the Punjab) this animal may be seen. A colony of several hundreds is often found inhabiting a single tree, which is so covered, that the bats, hanging with their head downwards wrapped in their wings, resemble immense dark coloured leaves. Mr. F. Day, who watched the habits of these creatures for many years, remarks that in their diet they are exclusively fruit-eating, and do great injury to cocoa-nut plantations. Large companies of them may often be seen proceeding on the wing as soon as the sun has sunk below the horizon, wending their way towards the gardens of the villagers intent upon plunder. Fifty or sixty will attack a mango-tree when the fruit is ripe, and by the flapping of their broad muscular wings, will during one night destroy a whole crop. They also do serious damage to the plantain upon which they are said to feed voraciously. These bats are also very *intemperate* in their habits, and often spend the night in drinking the saccharine sap from which alcohol is distilled, which results either in their returning home in the early morning in a state of riotous intoxication, or in being found the next day at the foot of the trees sleeping off the effects of their midnight debauch.

The skin of the *Nycteris Geoffroyi* bat is very loose upon the body; and the animal draws air through openings in the cheek pouches, head, and back, and swells itself into a little balloon, the openings being closed at pleasure by means of valves. Its bite is extremely sharp.

The smaller bats are chiefly insect-eaters and their second finger is not terminated by a claw. They inhabit not only the tropical, but also the temperate regions of both hemispheres. Among the bats of this class, the *Horse-Shoe Bats* are remarkable from their leaf-like cutaneous appendages surrounding the nasal aperture, somewhat in the form of a horse-shoe. Sometimes these nose leaves are most curiously developed—this species abound in Asia, Africa, Australia, and the south of Europe.

The *Megaderma Lyra*, or Bull-Dog Bat, of Asia, occasionally feeds on other than insect prey. Mr. Blyth, chancing to see a large bat enter an outhouse, procured a light and proceeded to capture it. Upon finding itself pursued, the animal took a few

turns round the place and then down dropped a small bat completely exhausted from loss of blood which the megaderma had been sucking from a still bleeding wound behind the ear. It was evident that the megaderma having followed the smaller one had sucked the vital current from its victim as it flew along, and if it had not been interrupted would in this quiet nook have devoured the body at its leisure. Both animals were put into a cage the next morning, and no sooner did the megaderma perceive the other, than with the ferocity of a tiger it again seized the unfortunate little creature behind the ear, and attempted to fly off with it, but finding this impossible, it hung by the hind legs to its prison bars, and after sucking its victim till no more blood remained began devouring it, and soon nothing but the head and some portion of the limbs were left.

The *Rousette Kalong*, or Great Bat of Madagascar, is the largest and most formidable of the Vampire, or blood-sucker species. They are about four feet broad when the wings are extended, and a foot long, and always attach themselves to the topmost trees. But when in motion they fly in companies both by day and by night, even darkening the air like clouds, not only destroying the ripe fruits of the country, but frequently settling upon animals; they devour, indiscriminately, fruits, flesh, and insects, and drink the juice of the palm-tree and frequently attack the inhabitants, inflicting severe wounds; their horrible noise may be heard at a distance of two miles. There is every reason to believe that the myth of the harpies was derived from these winged gluttons whose countless swarms infest the forests of the Eastern Archipelago, and whose ravages can only be compared to the Egyptian locust. The larger varieties are often brought to Holland. Mr. F. L. Oswald, having been shown by a curiosity dealer at Amsterdam a pair of Javanese rousette kalongs (*Pteropus Vulgaris*), describes them as the only absolutely insatiable creatures he ever saw. Night or day made no difference to them, the moment the box in which they were kept was opened, they thrust out their fox-like heads and gaped with jaws that seemed to open by sections, revealing additional teeth in the far interior of the skull. Whatever those jaws could compass went down at one gulp, larger morsels were mangled rather than masticated, and in less than twenty minutes the male kalong swallowed three pounds of boiled carrots! Bats, like maggots, seem to assimilate only a small portion of their food, as mastication and excretion are only divided by a

short space of time, and their voracity appears to be rather a vague desire to fill themselves than an appetite for any special kind of food. Few soft organic substances of any kind come amiss to rousettes; potatoes, boiled meat, butter, bread, and bean-pods are devoured with equal greed, though not with the same rapidity as sweet fruits. By way of experiment a couple were one day offered spoonful upon spoonful of hashed beef, and after gobbling about twenty ounces each their swallowing process became somewhat laborious, but a slice of baked apple at once restored the vigour of that function and they began to gape as wide as ever. About an hour before sunset they used to become very restless, and if their box was open, the male animal would raise himself above the rim by means of his wing-hooks and move his head right and left with an occasional grin of his foxy teeth. If supper was late his mate would join him, and after grinning and bearing it for awhile, their impatience generally resulted in a quarrel, when they would hook away fiercely at each other and utter their loud peculiar cry—a series of shrill whistles, varied only by prolonging or abbreviating the pauses. At sight of their attendant they would change their whistle duet into a sort of twittering, and stop it at the first mouthful received, having found a better use for their throats. But if, instead of the attendant, a visitor came empty handed, they expressed their disappointment in a curious way by dropping back into the box and scratching themselves violently with their long hind claws. If they failed to propitiate the fates they scrambled out and prepared to take wing, it being the hour when their Asiatic relatives get ready for their depredatory excursions. The Javanese *kalong* attains the size of a pug-dog and in proportion to his weight his wings are barely large enough, so that the least injury to them will bring him down and, though few animals are so hard to kill, they are very easily crippled. They are called by the colonists, *sky-foxes*.

On the southern coast of Java is situated a mountainous village, called *Rydenberg*, a popular resort of the Dutch colonists; where all new comers are treated in the summer season to their favourite evening sport—a fox chase in the air. From the neighbouring small islands there comes in the evening a strange noise resembling the distant cries of a sea-gull swarm, but shriller and wilder, and at sunset large winged creatures are seen rising from the jungle, mounting higher and higher in ever increasing numbers till their leaders give the signal to start for



the opposite coast. As they approach, their bird-like forms assume stranger proportions, zig-zag-winged, and with heavy flops, they plunge into the bamboo brake with a force that sways the tall stalks like reeds, or direct their course to the next fruit plantations. The natives, however, are always ready for them, each farmer has from fifty to five hundred square feet of vast nets of all sizes and forms—roof and funnel—shaped pieces for the orchards, and flat ones for the fields. A dozen kalongs will strip a full bearing plantain tree in one night, devouring from sixty to eighty bananas in about seven hours. They skin a banana without breaking it off, and eat it down to the stalk in less than five minutes, and then proceed to the next one. Many of the fruit-trees needing all the sunshine they can get, the nets have to be taken off every morning and replaced towards evening. The cunning kalongs evidently thinking that to be cheated with nets, or floored with shot is a sadly undesirable fate, often contrive to circumvent their persecutors by turning out an hour earlier than usual before the natives have begun to secure their orchards. But it is astonishing how fast the hue and cry spreads on such occasions; men, women, and children vie with each other in giving the loudest proofs of their devotion to the public welfare. *Blunderyak!*—monkey-birds! yells some boy who as he climbs a tree happens to espy the harpies *in flagrante delicto*, whereupon the labourers in the field, the women at the spring, take up the cry, and soon a crowd of villagers rush forth with slings and stones bent on revenge, the chance for prevention being probably past, the sky-foxes having already settled on the seaward orchards and quickly stripped the best trees. The kalongs know what to expect and are all in a flutter ready to decamp any moment, but resolved to make the best of the remaining minutes, they eat away with might and main. The villagers meanwhile are approaching with stealthy steps till suddenly the stones begin to fly, pebbles as big as eggs are hurled through the tree tops like a storm of grape shot. Then there is a rush ahead, the kalongs having taken wing are hurrying off across the sea, but even as they sail away in head-long flight their ranks are thinned by smaller stones and many a sky-fox comes flopping down making desperate attempts to regain the shore knowing well that in the water he will speedily be swallowed up by some Indian shark.

The American Vampire though still more mischievous is not so formidable, it is more deformed, and is furnished with a horn.

The South American species love to attach themselves to all cattle, but especially the horses with long manes, because they can cling to their hair while they suck the veins, keeping the victim quiet by flopping their wings over its head; for the same reason they also fasten themselves upon the tail and considerable loss of blood ensues. Fowls are often killed by these silent deadly enemies even as they roost upon their perches, for so gentle and noiseless are they in their flight and operations that animals are not awakened out of their sleep by their attacks. Their teeth are so arranged as to make a deep and triple puncture. Mr. Darwin, who seized one in the act of sucking blood from a horse, is of opinion, as is Dr. Carpenter, that horses do not suffer from the quantity of blood the vampires take from them, but from the inflammation of the wound they make, which is of course much increased if the saddle press upon it, though horses turned out to grass at night are in that country frequently found the next morning with their necks and haunches covered with blood. These vampires will fill and disgorge themselves several times from the same incision during the night.

Inhabitants of the tropical climates, sleeping with open doors and windows, are very liable to be visited by these blood-thirsty creatures. If they find any part of the body exposed, they insinuate their teeth into a vein with all the skill of an experienced surgeon, continuing to draw blood till they are satisfied. Captain Stedman, in recounting his travels in Guiana, states that awaking in his hammock one morning at four o'clock he was alarmed at finding himself weltering in congealed blood, though he felt no pain. Having started up and run to the surgeon all besmeared with gore and with a lighted torch in one hand, the mystery was found to be that he had been bitten by a vampire, called the Flying Dog of New Spain. Knowing instinctively that their victim is asleep, he generally alights near the feet, where, while gently fanning the sleeper with his enormous wings, he bites a piece out of the top of the great toe, so small that the head of a pin could hardly enter into the wound, and through this tiny orifice, he quietly sucks the blood like a leech till he is obliged to disgorge; after which he immediately begins again. They always attack a part where the blood flows spontaneously, cattle they usually bite on the ear. From the small heaps of congealed blood all around where the Captain had lain, it was believed that he had lost about twelve or fourteen ounces during the night.

Our celebrated naturalist, Charles Waterton, describes how in travelling near the River Panmeran with a Scotch friend they hung their hammocks in the thatched tops of a planter's house. During the night, happening to awake, he heard his companion muttering dolefully and inquired what was amiss. Why, replied he, the vampires have been sucking me to death. As soon as it was light Waterton saw with consternation that his friend's hammock was completely saturated with blood. "There," said the Scotchman, thrusting out his foot, "see how the imps have been drawing my life's blood." On examining the foot it was found that the vampires had tapped the great toe, the wound being rather less than that usually made by a leech. The blood was still oozing from it and Waterton calculated that his friend had lost from about ten to twelve ounces of blood. He also tells of a boy eleven years of age who was similarly bitten by a vampire. An unfortunate donkey belonging to the boy's father was dying by inches from the bites of the larger bats, while many of his fowls were killed by the smaller ones. Mr. Wallace mentions that he was twice bitten by vampires when travelling on the Amazon River, once upon the great toe, and once on the tip of his nose while asleep.

A gentleman at Trinidad thus describes an attack made by one of these creatures on himself. He was staying in a country house and occupied a large bedroom. As the night was hot he did not drop the mosquito curtains round the bed, and having extinguished his light he was lying admiring the moon's rays as they streamed through one of the open windows, when suddenly a large vampire bat entered the apartment. He resolved to bare his chest and remain perfectly quiet to see whether the bat would attack him. At first it sailed along on noiseless wing from one end of the room to the other passing outside the foot of the bed. After several turns it changed its course and passed between the canopy of the bed and his person, then it gradually shortened its sweep sailing backwards and forwards within the space of a few yards until at last it seemed to sweep past him altogether—but hovered immediately over him—moving its wings rapidly and noiselessly while the agitation of the air became exceedingly soothing and pleasing. The narrator declares that he could scarcely distinguish the moment when the bat pitched on his chest, so softly did he alight, and so incessant was the fanning of its wings even after it had alighted. He was, however, soon sensible of a slight pain resembling the bite of a leech, and

which he no sooner felt than he grasped the bat with both hands and strangled it.

There are four or five species of vampires in the American States, and according to Professor Azara none of the native animals are plagued by these pests, nor by mosquitoes either. But thereby hangs a puzzling question. If the fur of a bear and the feather mantle of a bird are impervious to the sting of a mosquito, what do mosquitoes live on? Between Memphis and Little Rock alone, at the most moderate estimate, there must be a million mosquitos to the square mile. How do they subsist? Do they live on one bite a year? Or are they vegetarians whose appetite is subject to occasional sanguinary cravings?

The vampire undoubtedly has all the physiological characteristics of an insectivorous bat, and his bloodthirstiness is probably only an inordinate predilection, by no means essential to the preservation of life. The smaller Brazilian species are very numerous, and are most troublesome in the darkest nights. They manifest a most marvellous instinct in the selection of their victims; in a roomful of sleeping people the soundest sleeper is always first attacked, and Baron Spix mentions the case of two drunken sailors, who, after passing a night in the woods, were found almost bloodless the next morning.

The torpidity in which bats remain through the winter season in the temperate and colder climates, is well known, and in common with other animals undergoing the same suspension of powers, they have their histories of long imprisonments. The following curious instances may serve to corroborate each other. A woodman engaged in splitting timber for rail posts in the woods close by the lake at Haming, belonging to Mr. Pringle in Selkirkshire, discovered in the centre of a large wild cherry-tree a living bat of a bright scarlet colour, which as soon as it was relieved from its entombment, took to its wings and escaped. The recess in the tree was only just large enough to contain the animal; but all around, the wood was perfectly sound, solid, and free from any opening through which the atmospheric air could reach the bat. A man while occupied in splitting timber near Kelsall in Cheshire discovered many years ago in the centre of a large pear-tree a living bat of a bright scarlet colour, which he foolishly suffered to escape from fear, being fully persuaded that it was not a being of this world. This tree also presented a small cavity in the centre, where the bat was enclosed, but was perfectly sound and solid on each side. The scarlet colour of these prisoners is still inexplicable.

Bats have, as we have shown, a wide range of habits, from the insect-eaters to the blood-sucking vampires on the one hand, and the gentle fruit-eating bats on the other. But the most gentle and the most bloodthirsty are equally distinguished for their *maternal affection and care*. Immediately that the little ones are born they cling to their mother's breast, and often she folds over them the skin which covers her tail and thus forms a kind of pouch so that wherever she flies she takes them with her, and carefully suckles and tends them till they can defend and provide for themselves.

Of the *intelligence* displayed by tame bats, a curious instance is given by Mr. G. Clark, who had a common bat, which as soon as it saw its master come into the room used to run up to him and welcome him with cries; and when not taken up at once to be petted would climb up his dress, rub its head against him and lick his hands. If Mr. Clark took anything in his hand, the bat would examine it carefully both by sight and smell, and when he sat down the bat would hang upon the back of his chair, following all his movements with its eyes.

In captivity the long-eared bat—an elegant species—is the most familiar and confident, exceedingly careful in cleaning its fur; and delighting in gambolling and playing with others of its kind. It will often pretend to bite, just as dogs do in good humoured sport. Professor Bell, in his work on *British Quadrupeds*, tells of a long-eared bat, which became so tame that when at liberty in the parlour it would come to the hand of any one who held a fly towards it and take the insect without hesitation. If a fly were held between the lips the bat would then settle on its patron's cheek, and take it with exceeding gentleness from the mouth, and so far was this familiarity carried that when any young friends made a humming noise in imitation of the insect, the bat would search about their lips for the expected dainty. It always folded its beautiful ears under its arms when it went to sleep, and also during hibernation. Its cry was acute and shrill, becoming more sharp and piercing when disturbed.

But the odour of even the smallest bats is so disagreeable that, notwithstanding their winning fondness, they are not pleasant pets, and it is difficult to keep them long alive in a state of captivity.

MARIANNE BELL.

### *General Gordon's Writings and Doings.*

---

MEN will soon cease to talk about General Gordon. The publication of the *Last Journals* has, it is true, revived for a moment the interest in his name, but events crowd quickly one upon another in the ninth decade of the nineteenth century, and the sad events of January seem far behind us in July. What was it that General Gordon did, to claim a permanent place in our recollection : and what was there in his work and character of special interest to English Catholics ?

But first a few words on the books which tell us what we know of Charles George Gordon. *The Story of Chinese Gordon*, by Mr. A. Egmont Hake, contains a full and interesting account of his life up to his retirement to Jerusalem in 1882. It is pleasantly written, and well worth reading, if only for the history of the Chinese campaign in 1863-4. *The Life and Work of General Gordon at Gravesend* is somewhat disappointing. There is no attempt at narrative, and but little anecdote, where both would have been of the greatest interest. We are told just enough to make us wish to know more of those six years by the Thames. *Colonel Gordon in Central Africa* has the advantage of being skilfully compiled from Gordon's own letters, and makes him tell us himself the story of his noble efforts to abolish the slave-trade, and to restore order in the Soudan from 1874-9. *Reflections in Palestine* is in one way the most interesting of all, because it is entirely written by Gordon himself. It is, however, confined to the exposition of his religious views ; and perhaps one of the most wonderful things about it is that it does not contain a single reference to the writer's own eventful life and achievements. Finally, there are the *Last Journals at Khartoum*, edited by the author of *The Story of Chinese Gordon*. They have a melancholy interest of their own from the sad end of Gordon's noble life. Naturally they are much occupied with the details of the siege, and less full of incident : but the grand character of Gordon stands out as fresh and vigorous as ever. At least



they will be read and valued by those who have followed him through the Chinese campaign and the Government of the Soudan from 1874-9.

A brief outline of General Gordon's career may be of interest to those who have not time or opportunity to collect the details for themselves. Nor can a just estimate be formed of Gordon's character without at least a glance at what he accomplished. It is impossible to appreciate him fully unless, by the side of what he was and what he thought, we can also see what he did. The long years of single-hearted labour are the real expression of his high thought, and the visible fruit of his noble qualities.

Charles George Gordon passed out of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich into the Royal Engineers in 1852, at the age of nineteen. Soon afterwards he volunteered for the Crimea, and caught his first glimpse of active service on his arrival at Balaclava, on January 1, 1855. We are told that he displayed untiring energy and activity, and surpassed all the other young officers in the knowledge he acquired of the enemy's movements. He returned to England in February, 1856, only to be ordered back to the East two months later, to serve on the Boundary Commission in Bessarabia. In the next year he was sent on a similar mission to Armenia, where he remained till the end of 1858. He was then for a year Field-Instructor and Adjutant at Chatham. In the summer of 1860 he left England for China, and was just in time to see the famous burning of the Summer Palace at Pe-king, in the October of that year. From November, 1860, to the spring of 1862, he was stationed at Tient-sin, and found time and opportunity to gain that thorough knowledge of the country which was afterwards so useful to him as Commander of the Ever-Victorious Army. From Tient-sin he was moved to Shang-hae, and employed in making an accurate survey of the country within a thirty-mile radius of the city. About this time the Tai-ping rebellion, which had long been troubling the peace of the Celestial Empire, assumed more formidable proportions. Like the later rising of the Mahdi, the movement was the work of one man, named Hung-tsue-chuen, who declared himself to be an inspired leader. An ineffectual resistance to him had been kept up by a Chinese army, aided by an irregular body of Europeans and American volunteers. At last, when the insurgents were beginning to threaten Shang-hae itself, it was arranged that this mixed force, which had acquired the name

of the Ever-Victorious Army, should be put under the command of an English officer, and Gordon was chosen for the post. It was a splendid opportunity, and called forth all the military talents and high qualities of the young colonel. He successfully introduced order among his men, where disorder had reigned supreme: his knowledge of warfare enabled him to destroy the rebellion in a far shorter time than was expected; yet he uniformly exerted himself to avoid bloodshed and to relieve misery whenever he could. His difficulties were increased by the lack of cordial support on the part of his Chinese colleague; yet he was able to resign his charge after less than two years, having accomplished his work and covered himself with glory. He firmly refused the honours and wealth which the Chinese Government would have heaped on him, and returned to England towards the end of 1864, ready to take up whatever duties might fall to him as a simple colonel of Engineers. In 1865 he was appointed Commanding Royal Engineer at Gravesend, and remained there till 1871. During these six years he lived in complete retirement, dividing his time between his professional duties, the care of the poor and sick, and devotional exercises, consisting chiefly of the study of the Sacred Scriptures and of prayer. His life at Gravesend was terminated by his appointment to the Danube Commission in the end of 1871. He went to reside at Galatz, in the midst of the country which he had explored as a young lieutenant in 1856. In 1874, leave having been obtained from the Home Government, he took service under the Khedive Ismail, and went to the Soudan. On his arrival he threw himself heart and soul into the work of restoring order and destroying the slave trade. His long letters, from which *Colonel Gordon in Central Africa* is compiled, are a splendid record of hard work, unflinchingly gone through for the sake of a noble purpose. The change of Government in 1879 deprived him of support from Egypt; and finding his efforts practically paralyzed, he resigned his position as Governor-General of the Soudan, and returned to England. In the spring of 1880 he went to India with Lord Ripon as his private secretary, but resigned the appointment almost immediately on landing. He went on to China, and paid a visit to his old friend, Le-Hung-Chang, who, as a leading Minister, was anxious to consult him on affairs connected with the Chinese army. His return to England was soon followed by the appointment to be Commanding Royal Engineer at Mauritius. Here he only stayed five months, and in April, 1882, arrived at the

Cape, to take part in the pacification and settlement of Basutoland, a work which still remains incomplete. He was not fortunate in his relations with the Cape Government, and resigned his post after ten months, feeling himself unable to accomplish satisfactorily the work he had undertaken, unless he was properly supported. He went home, and soon afterwards set out for the Holy Land, to rest and recruit his health. He established himself just outside Jerusalem, living in the utmost simplicity, and devoting himself to the study of the Holy Places and of the Scriptures. We have the fruit of his musings in the little book, *Reflections in Palestine*. After a time, unable to forget the miseries of Africa, he placed himself in communication with the King of the Belgians, with a view to joining the expedition to the Congo under Stanley. He hoped to be able to strike a blow at the slave trade from the West, as Egypt was no longer open to him. The matter was arranged, and he had actually started, when a telegram recalled him to London on January 18, 1884. By the 18th of February he was once more at Khartoum. The rest of his history and his sad fate are too well known to need further description here.

Such is very briefly the record of what General Gordon did. Let us now turn to ask what were in him the springs of action, what his ruling thoughts, what the power which enabled him to do so much? Most of us have by this time recognized the hero in him: what was the mould in which his heroism was cast? There need be no hesitation about the answer. Religion was the mainspring of his existence: a firm faith, a steadfast hope, and an ardent charity towards God and his neighbour, were the ruling powers of his daily life. They bore their fruit in an unswerving devotion to the duty of the moment, and a complete resignation to the order of God's Providence: purity of intention was the secret of Gordon's achievements. This is the reason that wherever we see him, he is just the same. In the trenches before Sebastopol, diligent and serious; leading a motley army to victory in a strange country through endless difficulties, teaching in the Ragged School at Gravesend, or busy arranging the start in life of some river-side lad; or during the weary months of last year at Khartoum, he is always the same: he has but one passion, his duty to God and man; but one hope, another and a better life. "He dwells in peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee." Gordon's great qualities, his dauntless courage, his zeal for truth at any cost, his unselfish longing to serve his fellow-men, are a proverb among

us. But he possessed other virtues in addition to those which arrest the gaze of the world. His was the true humility that loves to hide itself, and some of us will admire him most when he refused the wealth and honours that might have been his at the very outset of his career, after the Chinese campaign, and retired to a life of self-effacement at Gravesend. He is a noble figure when he ventures alone and unaided, except by a single attendant, during the sack of Soochow, among the half-maddened Imperialists and rebels, to try and prevent the treacherous murder of the rebel leaders. He is not less noble as he shows himself to us in the sixth book of the *Last Journals*, when he has heard of the sad fate of Colonel Stewart and Mr. Power, and in his melancholy solitude recapitulates all the details of his precautions for their safety. We feel that he was noblest of all in his end, on the fatal 26th of January last.

Though we have no record of his childhood, it is evident that from the first religion was a sort of natural growth within him. The first serious allusion that we find is in a letter written from the Crimea. Speaking of the death of an officer, he writes: "The shell burst above him, and *by what is called chance* struck him in the back, killing him at once." He was called a fatalist, and accepted the name: "It is a delightful thing," he writes, "to be a fatalist; not as that word is generally employed, but to accept that, *when things happen* and *not* before, God has for some wise reason so ordained them to happen—all things, not only the great things, but all the circumstances of life." He maintains that happiness is only to be had by "submission to the will of God, whatever that will may be: he who can say he realizes this, has overcome the world and its trials."

There is nothing here of what commonly goes by the name of fatalism, viz., a belief that, all events being previously arranged, man has nothing to do but drift along the stream; it is the simple teaching of the Gospels, boldly faced and accepted. I have found no other view than this anywhere expressed by Gordon. He tells us his opinion of our life on earth in one of the letters from Africa.

We are all approaching at different intervals our great existence—God. He has explained Himself to us as the Truth, Love, Wisdom, and All-might. We, in the abstract, accept these attributes but do not believe them heartily. On account of apparent contradictions we are, as it were, blind, and by degrees He opens our eyes, and enables us by

dint of sore trouble to know Him little by little. . . . To know Him is the ultimate point of His vast design in the creation of this world and of all worlds. Man at his birth beholds a veil before him which shrouds the Godhead. If his lot is to be born in Christian lands, he has the attributes of the Godhead explained to him by the Word, both written and incarnated; but although he may know by his intellect the truth of the Word, things are so contradictory in this life that the mystery still remains. . . . There is in us a principle, a seed of God, and that seed should, in union with God, watch the conflict of the flesh and the spirit in peace, for the result is certain. . . . I think the veil is thickened by the doctrines of men, and that to rend it is more difficult when those doctrines have been accepted and found inefficient. . . . It is easier for a Publican to accept the truths than for a Pharisee. The Pharisee builds his house, and uses men's doctrines. . . . The Publican has built nothing, feels he can build nothing, but that all is done for him. Why one should be a Pharisee and have all this toil, and the other should be a Publican and have none, is God's mystery of His government.<sup>1</sup>

It may be that Gordon's views were not of the clearest, but there is always an originality about them which lifts them above the ordinary level. It is sad that the veil of prejudice should have hung to the last between him and the full light of Christian truth, and that he never learnt to regard the Catholic Church except as one among many legitimate forms of Christian belief. He never would definitely attach himself to any sect, though he is said to have preferred the Established Church and the English Presbyterians. He was a man who was almost compelled to carve out a religion for himself, alone with his Bible, his prayers, and his own lofty thoughts, and regarded membership of a sect rather as a hindrance to religion; he shared to a great extent the views of *Modern Christianity a Civilized Heathenism*, a book which he praises warmly, and which can be recognized as the source of some of his thoughts. But we may rather wonder at the clearness of his mind as manifested by his daily life, than be surprised that one whose lot was cast amid the Babel of the sects, should have felt oppressed by the great mysteries whose presence he could feel, but whose meaning he could not, unaided, fathom. *Nemo venit ad Me, nisi traxerit eum Pater*; and that Providence which he recognized and revered did not, for some reason unknown to us, vouchsafe to him the full light of truth.

That Gordon felt no animosity towards Catholics is clear from the way he speaks of them from time to time. During

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Gordon in Central Asia, p. 172.

one of the interviews which he had with the King of the Belgians with regard to his joining the expedition to the Congo, the King spoke of the advantages which he proposed to secure to the various Protestant missions in the new State. Gordon at once replied with the question, "But what has your Majesty done for the Catholic Missions?" Indeed, in reading the little book, *Reflections in Palestine*, it is impossible not to be struck with the Catholic tone of the author's mind. These "Reflections" embody the fruit of his meditations during the months which he spent in Palestine after his return from the Cape, and were published after he had left England for Khartoum last year, by his own express wish. A few pages are devoted to the topography of the sacred places, a subject which possessed a keen interest for him. Then, under the simple heading, "Religious," he gives us some of his views on the mysteries of the Christian life. The second of these short essays, on a "Possible Analogy between the first three Days of Creation and our own Lives," is a good instance of Gordon's originality of thought. In the account of the Creation he sees four states described: a state of chaos or scattering, a state of light, a division, a gathering, and sees in these successive stages an analogy to the individual life of men.

The rest of the book deals mainly with the sacraments and the indwelling of the Holy Ghost in man. The language often reminds us of M. Olier. Gordon is greatly affected by the fall of man and the evident intention of Almighty God that the sacraments should be the remedies for sin. His wonderfully sincere mind does not fail to see this insisted upon throughout the Scriptures; and to Catholics his earnest words will seem to convey a melancholy reproach to the teachers who had never been able to lead him to these truths. No wonder that in his letters he speaks of the weariness of spirit that comes on us when we find out the falseness of what we have accepted as pure gold. "When we have imbibed men's doctrines, we must unlearn, and learn again . . . it is pain and grief to pull down a life's work, and grub up even the foundations."

Look at the events of Genesis—creation, the eating, and death. Look then at the remedial sacraments, Baptism and Holy Communion. They continue man's history. Genesis leaves man dead in trespasses and sins, separated from God, consequently deprived of the Holy Ghost's indwelling presence. Therefore Baptism is the sacrament which calls man to life—raises him, while the Communion of the Lord's Supper keeps him in life (p. 29).



What makes such language as this remarkable, is that it is the result of a good man's steady, painstaking thought, alone and unaided, and guided only by an humble, earnest desire to find the truth. Like the convert to the Catholic faith, Gordon had to "grub up even the foundations;" but without the help which the very atmosphere of the Church can give, without her unerring instruction, without all the teaching of her glorious history and of her sacred rites. It is not therefore to be wondered at if, from time to time, the leaven of heretical teaching asserts itself; the subjective idea of a sacrament is put forward, and the communication of truth immediately to the individual soul takes the place of its mediate communication through the teaching of the Church.

These *Reflections* are not very methodical, but who would expect scientific treatment from a busy soldier? The interest is all the greater, because through the words there shines out the patient heroic soul, grappling alone with its difficulties, in true simplicity of heart.

It is impossible to read the story of Gordon's life of unselfish devotion without an intense regret that such a man lived and died outside the Church of God. *Cum talis sis utinam noster esses!* How eagerly he would have grasped at the Church's teaching if only he had had the opportunity of appreciating its Divine beauty! What a new and boundless field for his magnificent self-sacrifice would have presented itself to him, in the supernatural heroism of the Saints! How he would have revelled in the story of St. Francis Xavier crying out for more toil and hardship—*amplius, Domine, amplius*—and St. Ignatius declaring that if he had the choice between Heaven at once, or a longer life with all its uncertainty, he would choose the latter if he could thereby go on working for God. But it was not so to be. It was the will of God that Gordon should live and die a Protestant. But Protestant though he was, the Catholic Church has a right to claim him as her own, since all are hers who have the love of God in their heart and make it the aim and object of their life to follow wherever they believe that God is leading them.

W. KENWORTHY BROWNE.

## *The Lady of Raven's Combe.*

### CHAPTER XX.

WHILE the Stranger and Mick were rowing as quickly as they could homewards on the way to Peveridge Bay, Colonel Claverock was preparing to receive Lord and Lady de Freville at Raven's Combe and explaining to Leofric the advantages of good behaviour during their visit. They sat in the library, looking away from each other and speaking between pauses. Leofric was obstinately sullen, as he was likely to be, all things considered that concerned him since the ball. Colonel Claverock, having been persuaded by his own after-thoughts that he had made a grave and perhaps dangerous mistake in admitting the so-called Mrs. Hopkins to his confidence, was on bad terms with himself, showed that he was, felt that he showed it, and, in trying to hide the fact, only became colder than usual, more unsympathizing, more reserved.

"What makes you suppose that I want to be uncivil to them?" said Leofric, after listening for awhile for the purpose of having an answer ready. "I am not going to pretend I care about them, for I don't; but that doesn't mean being rude."

"Rude! I should think not, indeed," said Colonel Claverock. "If I expected that, I should put them off, go away, and shut up the house. I never supposed that, of course; but you know very well that you often talk foolishly, pretending to be worse than you are. You have done yourself a great deal of harm by it *where you most wanted to give a good impression.*"

"I didn't, I tell you," roared Leofric. "It was all that infernal brute, Crayston."

"No. And the less you say about that the better. You made a terrible ass of yourself at Marlton."

"I didn't. I only chaffed him about finding the place."

"I know that; and you could hardly have done a ruder or more tactless thing, particularly to a man like him. It can't be

recalled : and if the consequences have been as you say—which I don't believe at all, for you have said and done enough to destroy your own chances—you have only yourself to thank. But you *can* be more careful for the future ; and if you begin to-day it will be the better for you, perhaps very much the better. This good opinion might be of service to you, and you can't afford to lose any chance."

Having said this in his chilliest voice, he left the room and went upstairs. Passing by an open door he met the comfortable old woman coming out.

"Look here," he said, "Giannina—Mrs. What's your name ? This room won't do. People don't like it."

"Oh ! sir, it is a beautiful room," said she. "There is not nothing to make fear. I know who has seen the ghost. It was one old woman what was in the house when you was departed from here. She had the fever, and believed then to see something. The others, no. I have passed the night in that room two times to assure myself that the bed was dry, and I have never seen nothing."

Colonel Claverock was not satisfied. "Could you get another room ready ?" said he.

"Hm !" said Mrs. Hopkins. "It is so late. Figure to yourself. But they shall not see nothing—I promise it to you. If you shall pass one night there, you shall see that there is nothing at all."

This proposition made the Colonel remove himself without delay and resolve to say no more about the room at any time in her hearing. He would have given all that he possessed of his own to believe that he could see his wife and hear her speak to him, and at one time had gone frequently to spiritualists in hopes of doing so ; but nothing could make him sleep in that room. "How could I bear it ?" he said to himself as he went away. That was what he supposed himself to think ; but in fact he had a strange fear, the cause of which he would not examine—an invincible terror of seeing and hearing there, he knew not what. In fact there was rank superstition in it, a half disbelieving dread of an awful and mysterious power that might have some kind of reality in connection with the Catholic dead : but it revealed in him the pre-existence and corrupted presence of some religious belief that he was unable to shake off entirely at all times. Missing the sight of God's mercy, he could but see His justice, distorted as through a broken glass.

That was the cause of his terror, and yet he denied in his heart the Being of God.

Soon afterwards the guests arrived. He found in them all that he had expected, and much more. They found in him just what they had expected, and nothing more. He said of them to himself that religion was pleasantly represented. They said of him to themselves that the want of religion was made as little evident as possible—which indeed it was. They saw nothing of Leofric till just before dinner. He came in late, looking sulky and ill at ease. At dinner he said nothing till the champagne had gone round three times; but owing to the tact of Colonel Claverock, who mentioned him from time to time in reference to some story that left no room just then for an answer from himself, his unusual silence was hardly noticed. At last, however, there was a short pause, and Lady de Freville, turning to Leofric, spoke of the glen.

"It was too dark, when we came," she said; "but I hope to have a good view by moonlight. The dressing-room window seems to be the best place for seeing it."

"They haven't gone and put you in the haunted room, have they?" said Leofric.

Colonel Claverock was fairly, or perhaps unfairly, taken aback by the bursting of this toy shell, and, in spite of himself, showed his discomfort. For a moment indeed he was, as the popular phrase goes, not himself, without being any one else, as he would have preferred to be.

Lady de Freville saved his dignity, seeming all the while to be unaware of its danger.

"I never heard of a haunted room here," she said; "but rats and window-curtains often do duty for ghosts. By-the-way (talking of rats), I had a present of two white ones. I had no idea they could be so tame."

"I have seen them so," said Colonel Claverock eagerly. "Even the common brown rat (I wish he hadn't exterminated the old English rat) can be made quite tame."

"I had a tame one when I was a small boy," said Lord de Freville. "I called him 'Bill,' after the boy who brought him, and he knew his name perfectly."

"I knew a man who had a tame wolf that followed his horse and slept in his barrack-room," said Colonel Claverock; "and I remember——"

"It isn't a rat, though," interrupted Leofric, "that the people

have seen for years past, and two of the maids lately—and the Swiss too—and won't sleep in the room now, all but that old woman with the corkscrew curls, who turned up from nobody knows where, and doesn't believe in God or devil. I don't know who or what it is, for nobody will say that *has* seen it, and nobody else knows; but there it is, and somebody else wouldn't like to sleep there, though I heard old corkscrew this very afternoon inviting him to try it one of these fine nights. Ha! ha! ha! Upon my word it's a fact."

This time it was Lord de Freville who came to the rescue. "There would be no great difficulty," he said, "in finding 'some one else' ready to believe what somebody has said about a ghost, for nothing is more infectious. But I am very hard of belief in things outside the faith; and, as to the evidence here it amounts to this: The two maids were frightened beforehand, and, being frightened, frightened themselves into fancying they saw a ghost. Then they told the man what they supposed themselves to have seen, and he took their word for it. *Et voilà!*"

"If I see one of the window-curtains turning into a tall figure with moony eyes and no feet," said Lady de Freville, "I shall try to crow like a cock. It was a real cock that drove away Hamlet's father, but an imitation would do for a curtain in the moonlight. And now I think we have had enough of the fanciful. Suppose we go back to sober realities. Was it a good ball at Ledchester?"

This question effectually damped the wit of Leofric. "Oh! not much," he grumbled out; and then he said nothing more till they were all in the drawing-room, when it happened that, in speaking of the neighbourhood, Lady de Freville mentioned the Stranger's name.

"He's turning religious like anything," said Leofric. "I wonder he doesn't get himself converted abroad, and say he's somebody. He wants a pedigree. Old Crayston hasn't got one, whatever they may say about that spider, or whatever it is, that he sticks about at Marlton for a crest."

"Then," thought Lady de Freville, "what I have heard is true, and some allowance must be made for disappointment."

"And yet," she said, "the late Lord Ledchester, who knew Mr. Crayston's father when he first came into the county, *did* believe in his pedigree."

Colonel Claverock affirmed solemnly (reserving his own

opinion) that no one ever questioned it, and immediately plunged into a description of the hunting breakfast, making some favourable remarks about one and another until it appeared that none but pleasant people had been there. Leofric broke in with depreciative comments more than once, and then began to read a French novel of the latest pattern. While he was doing this *Lady de Freville*, being tired, went to bed, and the conversation began to flow less freely. After awhile he heard Lord de Freville say, "I am very glad of it. They couldn't have chosen better."

"Who?" said Leofric, laying down the novel and advancing with his hands in his pockets.

"Edward Arden and Miss Exmore."

"Oh! ah! yes—very jolly for them. They can say the Rosary together, and all that. But I should like a little more life."

"Should you? and yet there is plenty of life in both of them."

"Yes, in a way; but they bother themselves about this thing and that being wrong, and poke about after principles and all that sort of thing, and won't do this and that, and make life such a bore."

"One might as well give advice to a pig," thought Colonel Claverock, "or try to make a lasting impression on a duck-pond. What can I say that won't make it worse?"

"You wouldn't find them so, I think, if you knew more of them," said Lord de Freville, moving towards the door and accidentally catching sight of the French novel as he passed.

"Have you read it?" said Leofric.

"No, thank you. I had rather not feed on garbage. The writer's name is enough to stamp the book as thoroughly detestable."

"Well, I don't exactly like it all, you know; but that's their way. One *must* go with the times."

"Yes; but the times go by two main roads, one good and the other bad."

"I don't know about that, but I like the easy road. I don't go in for piety and all that sort of thing. I like my liberty, I do."

"So the cat said when he went about poaching, and didn't see the traps," answered Lord de Freville. "He had more freedom in his right place than in the wood, where he was



trying to dodge the keeper, but he thought not, and was caught."

By this time they were in the hall, and lighting their candles. Colonel Claverock made one last attempt at mending matters. "Leofric," he said, with a forced laugh, "you have a shocking bad habit of making yourself out to be all sorts of things. The joke is a bad one, and many people would take you at your word. The ass in the fable pretended to be a lion, and one understands why; but Æsop never thought of making a lion put on the skin of an ass. That fashion was reserved for the present day."

"We mustn't end the evening so," thought Lord de Freville. "I wonder," he said "that somebody doesn't write a book 'On the Genesis of Fashions,' for there is nothing more mysterious. Imagine the first woman that wore a ring through her nose!"

"Or the first man that took to drinking absinthe," said Colonel Claverock with a dreary smile.

They then separated for the night, each abounding in his own sense respecting the two others. Lord de Freville went upstairs. Leofric shuffled off to the smoking-room, where he lit a cigar of the first magnitude and stared sullenly at the fire. Colonel Claverock disappeared through a swinging door and walked slowly up the backstairs to a room at the top of the house, where he smoked a long pipe and made remarks to himself on his family affairs. A strictly private room it was, that no one was allowed to enter, except a housemaid at stated times; but Mrs. Hopkins marked him down, shook her corkscrew curls defiantly at the door, and passed on. The lightness of her step was remarkable. "E'en the light hare-bell" might have "raised its head, elastic from her airy tread," if she had found one there to tread on; and the flame of her candle came out horizontally, like the smoke of a steamer going against the wind, so rapid was her movement. What would the other servants have said, if they had seen the comfortable old woman travelling through space at the rate of six miles an hour? The answer would probably have been, "I knew she would be up to something," for that had been the persistent opinion of them all ever since her arrival in Leofric's dogcart; but, having taken care to assure herself that no one was there to see her, she went on, looking neither right nor left. At the end of a long passage was a lumber-room, on the opposite side of which a small door led into the chapel. She opened this door softly,

went in, put her candle on one of the benches, opened another door leading out of the chapel with the same precaution, and, having taken off her shoes, slowly descended a small staircase, not walking upright, but in a sitting posture, raising and lowering herself gently by her arms. The door below, through which the Stranger had found his way up to the chapel, was locked; and she had locked it, lest female curiosity should tempt Lady de Freville to explore. When she had made three parts of her descent she heard Lord de Freville, on the other side of the door, say, "I am afraid that fellow is worse than we thought him."

At once the descent became so rapid that Mrs. Hopkins' arms were not quite equal to the demand on them, and the attraction of gravity caused her to reach the bottom step without sufficient preparation—in fact with a bump.

"What can that noise be?" said Lady de Freville from within.

"*Accidenti!*" thought Mrs. Hopkins from the stairs.

Lady de Freville tried the door, looked through the key-hole—or rather into it, for the key was there at the other side—and said, "It must be a rat, but it sounded very much like somebody flumping down on one of the steps."

"Who is there?" said Lord de Freville, sending his voice into the key-hole and thumping the door with his fist.

The noise was so sudden, and sounded so loud in the confined space outside, that Mrs. Hopkins, remembering how easily it could be kicked through (for it was made to open outwards) was seized with an irresistible desire to remove herself without any delay; and her backward movement, being as sudden as the thump against the door, brought about a quick elevation of the feet, more decisive than graceful. Happily for her the padding, that made the black silk dress appear to fit a body much larger than the one inside it, acted like a buffer to her back against the stairs and softened the sound, so that the speakers went on speaking, just as if the comfortable old woman (who thereupon knelt up comfortably, and placed her right ear in a line with the door) had been in bed and asleep, as she ought to have been.

"What do you think of him?" asked Lord de Freville. But the words were barely audible, for either by chance or design they had gone from that end of the room and spoke in a very low voice. Mrs. Hopkins held her breath and listened

with all her might, but heard nothing at first, because there was nothing just then to hear.

"*Pazienza!*" thought she in her wrath.

"I am very sorry for it," said Lady de Freville after a minute or two. "My father has been so anxious about it, and would so like to have Netherwood well occupied by one of the family."

"Yes, indeed," said Lord de Freville. "One would do anything to manage it, short of deceiving him—which it would be, if we were to say that Leofric answers his description of what he requires in the future owner of Netherwood. He spoke so very strongly about that."

"Yes, the very first time he mentioned the subject, and still more last Saturday, when he begged us to propose a visit here and see him in his own home. Leofric *may* not be what he appears to be, and he *may* turn out quite different from what he now is, but we are bound by the most solemn promises not to let him have the property unless we are convinced that he is worthy of it——"

"Which he certainly is not at present," said Lord de Freville, "as far as I can make out."

"I wonder," said Lady de Freville, "if the 'Old Corkscrew' he spoke of at dinner, who, he said, had turned up from nobody knows where, is the same dreadful old woman that my father took such a dislike to, who went to him about the boxes——"

"And said 'how like the dear boy is to his mother,'" said Lord de Freville with a low laugh. "I dare say. I should like to see her. By-the-bye, I hope your father's instructions to me remain a profound secret. It might place me by-and-bye in a most invidious and painful position."

"Oh, yes. No one could possibly know. He himself was so very anxious to keep it a secret between us three, that he would not even write it down."

"Very good—very good—that shall do for me," whispered Mrs. Hopkins to herself. "Ah! you not know who stands here. Now I go."

"All we can do," said Lord de Freville, "is to wait, and see, and know more about it."

"Thank you, Sare Jesuit," said Mrs. Hopkins under her breath. "Oh! that is very kind of you. Good night!"

In saying this last word she turned with more quickness than caution, and her silk dress brushed against the door.

"I must kick that door open, I see," said Lord de Freville, crossing the room.

Away went Mrs. Hopkins up the stairs, three steps at a time, passed through the chapel door, shut it, drew a noiseless bolt inside, blew out her candle, and groping her way to the further door, stood listening for a few minutes.

"What shall you see there, eh?" thought she. But Lord de Freville, not liking to break open other people's doors, if he could help it, and being half convinced that a rat or a bat had made the noise, was quietly talking as before.

"Now I go to the Colonel," thought she. "It should not be just that he not know how much they love the dear son. He shall be in that little room, smoking his big pipe, and grumbling very much because the dear son is such a big fool."

That was just what he was doing two minutes afterwards, when he heard a cheerful tap at the door and saw a too familiar face peep in, smiling profusely.

"You have mistaken the room," he said, starting up and standing square in front of the entrance.

"I ask thousand pardons," answered Mrs. Hopkins, thrusting forward her extinguished candle. "It is the wind what has done it. I walk round the house all the night, to see that there is no peril of fire, and that all goes well. I always have terror of fire."

"Here is a light," said he, holding up one of his own candles.

"Thank you, sir," said she, lighting hers very slowly. "I had dropped my silver thimble in the little chapel, where I passed this evening before supper, for to see that there was good fire in milady's room, and I said to myself, I must go to look for it. I found that it had rolled itself down the stairs; but the wind there spent my candle, so that I had to feel for it—and then, while I searched I heard milord and milady speak of the dear son with so much affect! milord said that for certain he is the heir of Sir Richard. You know what Sir Richard have said, and now we know that Milord and Milady de Freville say the same story. I have heard them with the proper ears. I feared them only, and now—oh! I could jump for joy."

"Please don't," said Colonel Claverock. My son's bedroom is under this."

"No, no; it was a mode of speaking. But have I not done something? They was very ill-disposed before I talked with Sir Richard. He has said to them what I said to him, and

they say so now to him. It is all fixed. I heard them say that. Poor Giannina has done this."

She curtsied and retired. Colonel Claverock took up his long pipe and made this remark to himself: "I expected that she would ask to have the annuity doubled."

Which was precisely what she intended to do, but not yet—not yet.

---

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE newly-risen sun and the uprolling mist opened out *vistas* of most poetic beauty in the glen for the advantage of Lady de Freville, who, after the cause of noise had removed herself, heard no more rustling or knocking. She was convinced that bats or rats behind the wainscotting had given an evil reputation to the blue bedroom at Raven's Combe, and when Leofric asked her at breakfast whether she had seen anything, she replied, "Yes—a most beautiful view down the glen this morning." After breakfast they began to go home, while the Stranger returning from an early walk, tried to imagine excuses for going to Monksgallows directly after breakfast.

Dr. Johnson says of Shakespear that

Panting time toil'd after him in vain,

but the Stranger toiled in spirit after time. "Why does five o'clock," he thought, "seem so far off—so much further than the ball seemed when I looked forward to it the day before yesterday? But it does. Might I go there now—go again before luncheon to-day, as I did yesterday—and then, if I fail to find her, again in the afternoon?"

When he entered the breakfast-room he found a letter from Crayston to this effect:

I shall not be able to leave town to-morrow, but I certainly shall the next day as early as I can. The train that fits in best with my theories about early rising is somewhere between eleven and twelve, and by that I shall go, neither sooner nor later. Tell them to have the brougham at the station.

"To-day is mine," thought the Stranger, "and I promised to see Father Merivale. I want particularly to see him—very particularly."

Before eleven o'clock he was at Freville Chase.

"Will you kindly give him a wisp over?" he said to the groom who took his horse, and then he hurried off to Father Merivale's house.

"I am very sorry, sir," said the housekeeper, "but he went out a few minutes ago."

"Is there any chance of his coming back soon?"

"Well, sir—I couldn't say. If you could wait a little while——"

He went into the sitting-room, ran his eyes over the bookshelves, and pulling out a volume, forced his attention on its contents. Time passed. The clock struck half-past eleven. He started at the sound, as if the time that was now his were slipping away. "I might find them at home if I were to go now," he thought, "I should get there before luncheon." And without waiting to leave a message, he left the house. On his way to the stables he met Father Merivale.

"I came," he said, "as soon as possible. I haven't a minute to spare now; but if you can see me at eleven o'clock to-morrow——"

Father Merivale turned and walked with him.

"Any time that suits you," he said. "Eleven, then."

The Stranger thanked him and, hurrying to the stables, rode away, increasing the pace as the distance lessened. This was needless, for he had time enough, plenty of time; but time was all to him, and its measurement was lost in the fact. He felt as if it were pushing on beyond its natural speed, in the pay of Crayston.

"I am very sorry," he thought. "I wouldn't, if I could help it, take any horse at this pace over the hard road: but the fields are too deep for this weedy animal."

Weedy the horse was, and before they had reached the turn by Marlton, the pace had told upon him. His action was laboured and he hung heavily on the bit. The Stranger pulled into a trot, but the feel of the horse's mouth was unmistakeable.

"I don't like this," he thought. "An accident just now might be ruinous. I should miss her by it perhaps. I had better pull up and lead him."

But his thoughts were so rivetted on Lady Maud, that he did nothing, and the horse went on at a loose trot, swaying from side to side on his shoulders, till about half-way down the next hill, he put his foot on a rolling stone and stumbled heavily—a long scrambling stumble continued over a space of



several yards. The Stranger saved him once and once again, with a force that bent the bit and seemed enough to pull him backwards; but when a tired horse has made two stumbles of that sort, there will certainly be a third, and no one can save him then. He dropped as if his shoulders were weighted with lead, and pitched on his forehead so that the frontlet of the bridle was cut in two as if with a jagged knife, and then he rolled over sideways in a heap. The Stranger fell clear of him; but his left arm had no power and he found much difficulty in breathing. His first thought, as he lay on the road, was of Lady Maud, the time lost, and the means of repairing the loss.

"I must go late," he thought, as he rolled over to get out of the horse's way.

The movement gave him considerable pain, and the act of raising his body from the ground was worse.

"This is a broken rib," he said to himself, as he stood up and examined the horse. "I must creep home somehow and send for the doctor, and be strapped up, and go in the brougham."

The horse was not seriously hurt. He had a deep cut on the head, but his head had saved his knees, and they were not cut through the skin. The Stranger, having only one available arm, took the bridle and began to lead him back towards Marlton, muttering as he went, "If I had only had the sense to go there this morning—with or without an excuse!" Having determined that somehow or other he would be at Monksgallows just after sunset, he turned his attention to walking home as gently as possible. About half-way he met one of Crayston's grooms riding to Lyneham.

"Trot on," he said, "and tell the doctor to come at once—if he is out, go to another—and say that I have broken a rib and perhaps put out something in my arm."

"I have saved a little time by that," he thought; and the rest of his walk seemed less painful. On reaching home he went straightway to his room, in readiness for the strapping up of his rib and whatever else might have to be done; but he ordered the brougham to be ready by half-past four.

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE doctor, who was at home and came at once, found a broken rib, some bruises, and a shoulder put out. The shoulder he soon pulled into its place, and the bruises could take care of themselves ; but the rib, he said, must be attended to for some little time.

"If that means lying in bed," said the Stranger, "I am very sorry, but—it can't be done."

The doctor advised him to reconsider that point, and having strapped him up, went away. He had hardly left the house when a groom arrived from Monksgallows. He brought a note from Lady Ledchester, who, having driven by in a pony-carriage soon after the accident, had heard of it, and advised her husband, in well-chosen words, to call at Marlton. Lord Ledchester, who would have nothing to do with the unavoidable grievousness that Lady Maud had brought about by turning, declined the advice ; and, as this was not a proper thing to do, she rectified the mistake by composing for him an appropriate message, which did quite as well for the Stranger. Indeed this note was full of pleasantness ; for, in making the message which her husband would have sent, if his favourite daughter's prospects had not been so hopelessly grievous, whichever way he looked at them, she said that all the ladies had driven to the meet at Bramscote except Lady Maud. The exception appeared at the end of a long sentence, and no reason was assigned. After reading this, and reflecting on the whole case, he no longer regretted the accident, but rather looked upon it as a friend in need, whose office had been to give him a valid excuse for calling before luncheon the next day.

"Which is better," he thought, "than finding them yesterday ; for the other people would have been in then also, but they are sure to be out at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning—they are the sort of people that would—and she is equally sure to be in."

His conclusion was that the accident had been thoroughly opportune, and he forthwith improved the advantage by writing a judicious note, in which, after thanking Lady Ledchester for her kind inquiries, he declared boldly that he should be well enough to answer them in person at eleven o'clock on the following day. He congratulated himself on that innocent bit

of diplomacy, sent off the note, and thought of to-morrow morning till the hours between seemed years. At last he rang the bell, and ordered the brougham. It was then a quarter to three. He ordered it at four, then at five, then at half-past five.

The meaning of this last order was that Lady Maud had a way of remaining to play the harp after the rest had gone to their rooms. She often did so, and might then ; and if not, he would ask to see her—ask Lady Ledchester. What could be more natural ? The ball was noisy, and they were liable to interruption there, and the accident had stopped him to-day, and that little half-hour before dressing for dinner would be the best of all hours. This was his last and lasting decision ; but he had still some time to wait, and if the time before went at a snail's pace, it now appeared to jib like a restive horse. He dressed slowly, in deference to the broken rib, walked about the room a little to try the movement, and, finding it hurt him, sat down in an arm-chair, waiting for time till the little half-hour seemed a delusion.

"*Chi ha tempo non aspetti tempo*," he thought, "I can bear this no longer. If she is not at home, I can wait till she is. The broken rib is a sufficient excuse for that."

His hand was on the bell, but he thought of Lady Maud, and said to himself, "No. Those relations will be in the way, noticing and guessing."

It was then five o'clock. He put his watch on the table, and employed himself in contemplating the superior advantages of the little half-hour, while the hands went on at their even pace. When they came to the other side of a quarter-past five, time gave up jibbing, and only "toiled after him in vain." Five minutes later it appeared to be running from him, and he hurried away to catch it up. The movement caused considerable pain, but he could think of that afterwards.

"I hope the stable-clock is not slow. No. There is the brougham coming round."

His pace increased, and so did the pain—but he took no notice of that. The carriage drew up as he opened the hall-door.

"This is not the brougham," he said. "What is the meaning of it?"

In another moment he saw what the meaning was, and would have gone by a back way to the stables, if he could have

done so without being seen where he stood. The carriage was a railway-fly, and Crayston got out of it.

"The man I wanted turned up this morning unexpectedly," said he, "and so I was able to come back to-day. What *is* the matter with you?"

"Only a broken rib," answered the Stranger. "That brown horse came down with me. My left shoulder was put out, but the doctor pulled it in."

"Well, you look white enough," said Crayston, turning to pay the fly-driver: "but you seem to take it philosophically. I don't know whether one of the old Stoics would have been as quiet over the breaking of a concrete rib in his own person."

The Stranger was indeed pale enough, as well he might be at such a crisis; but he forced himself to look pleased, and seemed so thoroughly at his ease, that Crayston had never found him so pleasant. While they were standing by the door, and the Stranger was devising plans for getting rid of Crayston, in order that he might hurry off to Monksgallows and be back in time for dinner, which at Marlton was always at eight o'clock, the brougham appeared at the door.

"What's that for?" said Crayston. "Are you going to take a drive, by way of shaking your rib into its place?"

"I was going to Monksgallows," answered the Stranger, who was prepared for the question. "They are sure to be at home at this time."

"I should not advise it, with a broken rib," said Crayston. "Surely they know of your accident."

As this was not put in the form of a question, the Stranger moved on to let it pass as not heard, but Crayston took silence for "yes," and said, "Then of course they don't expect you, unless you have written to say that you were going."

"That was just what I did," said the Stranger, still moving on; "and there is no time to lose. I shall be back long before dinner."

"Yes. But did you promise to go there to-day?"

Never was any one more insidiously tempted to say the thing that is not. Humanly speaking, everything depended on his doing so. Crayston believed him to be engaged already. No one would be injured. Lady Maud was involved in it. For a moment he had no doubt at all. Then doubts rushed in, and he struggled blindly with them. At last (but it all happened in a few seconds) he said to himself, "God, who has brought me out

of darkness into the light, and given me the opportunities that I have had, can help me out of this dilemma if it be His will."

"I named eleven o'clock to-morrow morning," he answered; "but I am just as fit for it now as I shall be then, and I should probably miss the doctor by going then."

"Never mind," said Crayston. "If he does, I can ask him to come again. They may be dressing to dine out, and if so, you would be jolted for nothing—perhaps throw yourself back several days. If you are wise, you will go to bed, and stay there till after breakfast."

The Stranger began to breathe again, and, seeing no wiser course, followed the advice as quickly as he could, meaning to seem asleep, if the adviser, bent on unadvisable conversation, should happen to pay him a visit. "That man," he thought, is so untrue, that I couldn't be true to her, to myself, or even to him, without being negatively untrue. Thank God! this is the last of it."

In another minute he was in bed, calculating how soon, in case of extremities, he might simulate a sound sleep. Crayston had never broken anything in his own body, not even a finger-nail; but he knew that such breakages cause pain, and pain sleeplessness, and sleeplessness want of sleep—a want that ought to be supplied as much as possible. Therefore, if he should come in and find that tired nature's sweet restorer was doing a corporal work of mercy, he would retire without noise, and put off the conversation till the next morning. Then, as the Stranger was to breakfast in bed, and Crayston never breakfasted before ten o'clock, nothing could be easier than to stroll into the farthest end of the shrubbery just before ten, walk slowly round its outskirts till they bordered the stable-yard, order the brougham, and be at Monksgallows just a little before the time, as indeed was most natural.

Having settled this, he began to settle himself by setting his will to compel sleep. The great Duke, who needs no other name, nor will, as long as Englishmen have memory and understanding, is said to have had the power of doing so; but he was altogether exceptional, and perhaps the contemplated engagement with Lady Maud was a less manageable cause of wakefulness than the prospect of a general engagement with an enemy. The Stranger put so much will into his attempt, that, with the help of two sleepless nights, he soon felt wearied, then sleepy, then half asleep, then doubtful of time and place; but

he had better have restricted himself to appearances, better have been manageably awake than half-unconscious. He mistook his room for the library at Monksgallows, and hearing footsteps, believed them to be those of Lady Maud. The consequence was that he turned in his half sleep, opened his eyes without knowing them to be shut, and by the light of a bedroom candle not his own, saw Crayston standing near him.

"You were going to roost early because it was dark," said Crayston, putting down the candle and seating himself in an arm-chair. "So do the birds, they say, in a total eclipse. But you are doing right by lying there. The less you move the better at present. If I were you, I shouldn't go to Monksgallows in the morning."

"It's all right," said the Stranger, "covering his face with both hands as if to shade the light. "The doctor knows all about it. The only thing I want is a good sleep. I *do* want that very much. That was why you found me dozing off just now. I have had a heavy shake and a good deal of pain, with a broken rib and a shoulder put out; and I walked a mile afterwards, leading the horse along a road full of stones. All I want now is to lie still and sleep as long as I can."

"You are right," said Crayston, getting up and walking towards him, candle in hand. "I believe in nature's nurse, though she does deprive us of so many hours that we can ill afford to lose till science can do something for human life, which has sacrificed so much for science. But" (and here he put down the candle) "I wanted just to hear a little about you. I won't keep you long, but I was so hurried yesterday morning."

At these words the Stranger instinctively turned himself, so as to favour a twinge of the broken rib.

"You should move more gently," said Crayston. "Everything depends on keeping quiet. In my opinion, you oughtn't to think of getting up till the day after to-morrow. No one in his senses would advise it."

"Really I am all right when I move with care. I twisted myself just then, and I am more liable to do so in bed than out."

"That may be, but you should be careful. You *must* be better in one position. Why need you be so anxious? You are engaged, of course."

The Stranger made a short aspiration, and said, "I was on my way when the accident happened."



"So I supposed," said Crayston, "but I thought you were engaged before. What on earth did you wait for? Why didn't you propose when you had the best of all opportunities, there at the ball?"

The Stranger turned again in his bed, but more suddenly, for he felt a violent longing to seize Crayston by the collar and shake the breath out of him. "I see that I must be more careful in moving," he said. "This bed seems made on purpose to be awkward for a broken rib. Well, you know—at a county ball everybody comes up and speaks to one at odd times, and everybody sits next to everybody else."

"Well, well! a day sooner or a day later. But what did you want to say yesterday morning, if it wasn't *that*? You were so anxious about it that I could hardly get off. What was it?"

"Nothing separable from what you expected," answered the Stranger. "You will not have forgotten our conversation about X and Y. You said then that Y might convert X if she could. That is precisely what has happened, and in fact the marriage that you are so anxious for, and have so kindly made possible, would be impossible without; for she has told me more than once, when speaking incidentally of mixed marriages, that nothing could ever induce her, under any circumstances whatever, to marry any one who was not a Catholic."

Crayston showed no signs of surprise, for he was always careful of appearances and proud of seeming to be prepared for all contingencies; but his countenance became rapidly bad, and more rapidly worse. There was malice in his eyes, cruelty in his mouth, evil purpose in every feature. His face had become white, with a dark shadow over it, and he sat quite still, as if biding his time to speak.

"Do you really think," he said, emphasizing every syllable, "do you really imagine yourself to think that I am going to be caught in so clumsy a trap as this? You should have agreed together to do the conversion by degrees after marriage. I said that she might convert you then, if she could, because I knew very well that it wouldn't happen at all after you were married. I purposely put a ridiculous case, to show you how sure I was that, if you managed the affair with common sense, knowing all you know and having the ability you have, the result would be certain. I believed you to be what you appeared, and therefore I said, 'I give her leave to convert you,

if she can.' I never told you to stultify yourself, disappoint me in the most hideously ungrateful manner, and throw away all the exceptional advantages that you have had, for the sake of saving yourself a little trouble and perhaps a little waiting till she had got rid of her scruple."

"Neither time nor trouble nor any consideration whatever could make her marry a man who was not a Catholic before marriage," answered the Stranger, fixing his eyes on Crayston's and looking into them steadily. "If you had given yourself half the opportunities of knowing her that you have enabled me to have, you would laugh at any one who doubted it."

"One would think that you were a born fool," said Crayston; "and as you are not, I can only suppose you to have been morally taken off your feet by that violent outcome of self which goes by the name of love and is hero-worshipped, like Frederick the Great, for its power. There is no other excuse, and very little of what there is. You must have been very far gone indeed before you could think of aping slavery to inculcate freedom, marrying under false pretences for the sake of being married a little sooner, and both telling and acting a lie to your wife, so that she must of necessity despise you ever after."

"You mistake me," said the Stranger. "It was my fault. I ought to have expressed myself more clearly."

"Well!" said Crayston. "Do it now, if you can, and in few words; for my patience is nearly exhausted by this pettifogging scheme."

"I am not becoming a Catholic in order to marry," said the Stranger, "though I knew it to be a *sine qua non*. I do so because I am convinced that what the Catholic Church teaches is true. I accept it *ex animo*, as such, in accordance with that freedom which I have always heard you advocate at all times, and never more strongly than when you applied it, in most forcible language, to the case in point, yesterday morning."

This unanswerable answer from his own authority disturbed the self-esteem of Crayston in its lowest depths, inflamed his pride, and made him envious of what he hated. His face became scarlet with vexation, then white with anger; but a portion of the hot flush remained, as if to mark the cause of his thick paleness. After a silence of perhaps two minutes, during which a smile of implacable malice grew to the sight, he said:

"There are some things that one never *could* understand, if one lived as long as prejudice and heard them every day. I

have a longish list of them somewhere in the lumber-rooms of memory, but none are so in want of a commentator, not yet born, as that of which you have just given me this remarkable specimen. I refer to those acute attacks of dulness that certain healthy minds are liable to under certain conditions. Can't you see the difference between moral and intellectual responsibility? The people I spoke of yesterday morning are of the average type—the fillings-up of society—and have never had any true cultivation to develope at all the little there is in them."

"One was Lord de Freville," suggested the Stranger. "You certainly would not say that he was of the ordinary type, if you knew him."

"Perhaps not; but he never had any cultivation of the higher sort, such as you have had. What I was going to say is this: People who can only see the moral side of the question are responsible only for the moral character of the act, while those who can see further, if they will, are morally responsible for its intellectual character. The people I spoke of showed some courage and independence of mind in following what appeared to them like truth; but you would be morally responsible for an intellectual crime, intellectually responsible for an immoral action, guilty of treason to the cause of truth."

"Not according to your own principles, I think," said the Stranger. "If truth is (as you have always affirmed it to be) not absolutely certain, but only so far as reason or experiments have approved it to our minds, I am morally justified in accepting as true that which my reason approves and no experiment has disproved."

"Only it has," answered Crayston. "But you have twisted my words. What I said (if I ever did put it in that way) applies to all sciences, of course—physical, mental, social, and the rest—but not to our relations with the cause of our being. We know enough about *them* to know at least that the creation of man is a myth; and, as that is the root of the Christian system, Christianity stands condemned as a witness, whatever it may be in its moral teaching."

"I don't understand," answered the Stranger, "how you can apply your rule to the Unseen that you can test by experience, and not to the Unseen that lies beyond it. You apply it to all science, and therefore to mental philosophy, which treats of the Unseen in us. How can you deny it of the Unseen that is not in us? You have accepted philosophical doctrines which

the majority of men have denied and still deny, and you admit that your belief in them is not necessarily final. According to your own principles, then, you have no right to affirm positively that your negative theories about religion are true, nor that Catholic teaching is untrue. You have a right to say, as you do, that, so far as you can judge at present, God, if He is, is Unknown and Unknowable, and that our existence ends with our last breath, but you have no more right to dogmatize about it as a final conclusion than I have to limit the future discoveries of physical science or——"

"I have you there," interrupted Crayston. "Physical science will be too much for you."

"It might easily be that," answered the Stranger. "But my argument was that a man has no right to dogmatize on a matter about which he declares himself to know nothing, because, if he knows nothing about that thing, he knows neither what is nor what is not, and therefore is not justified in predicating of the same either affirmatively or negatively, and therefore cannot, consistently with his own premisses, condemn another for what he may affirm or deny of it."

Crayston smiled again, but not as before. It was a friendly and appreciative smile, with just enough malice in its shadow to mark the change. "Well put," he said. "You have defended your case with great power and acuteness."

"I wish he had not said that," thought the Stranger. "He is less dangerous when he is rude, because he is more natural and less deliberate."

"Great power and acuteness," repeated Crayston. "There are some flaws in it, of course, for no one can defend an untenable cause at all points; but——"

"I beg your pardon—but what are they?" said the Stranger. "I hope you will not let anything pass. Truth is the one and undivided object that I have had before me in deciding, and therefore I am not afraid of what I may hear: for if truth is on my side, as I believe it to be, it will hold its own, and if not, the sooner I am rid of it the better."

"Now you speak like yourself," said Crayston. "The cause will have every chance. I will back you to make the most that is to be made of it."

"Worse and worse," thought the Stranger. "If he would only be rude, instead of flattering——"

"It will interest me very much to discuss the question with

you thoroughly," said Crayston. "We can't do that now, for I have had no luncheon, and ordered dinner at seven: but I can point out one or two little things. For instance: If I have no right to affirm or deny anything of any religion, neither have you, for you have the same means of judging that I have, and no more. You have the same sort of general knowledge that I have; and if you have gone into the question with Father Merivale, as I advised you to do, I have done the same with some of the most able priests in Europe."

"I remember your doing so twice in Rome," said the Stranger, in my presence. You went into certain doctrines, for the purpose of knowing correctly what they are, but not into the question of credibility and credentials, which would have brought you to the real question now at issue between us. The credibility is the first thing to be considered, because it brings you to the starting-point—belief in God. The credentials belong, of course, to the Catholic Church only, because my business is to show that God has founded it, guides it, protects it——"

"The soup will be getting cold," interrupted Crayston, "before you have settled what you are going to argue about. I shall be delighted to hear it all another time, because I know that you are likely to make your case interesting; but, as far as any particular use is concerned, you may save yourself the trouble. I had gone through the whole thing before you were born. You will only take a lot of trouble to prove nothing except what I know very well—that you have a subtle intellect."

"You over-rate me enormously," said the Stranger, "and under-rate the means I have."

"No, I don't. You are wasting your time. How will you show me, for instance, that the universe was created at all?"

"I think Paley's watch on a heath will do for that. You always appeal to experiment as the sovereign test of everything, and experiment has never shown that anything could be made without a maker."

"No—nor has it shown that the maker always takes after-care of the thing he has made. A watchmaker made the watch that Paley speaks of, but he didn't interfere with the management of it afterwards, or it wouldn't have been found on a heath. He left it to the owner's care, its own durability, and the effects of external causes to preserve, injure, or destroy."

"True: but if the watchmaker had made the watch for himself, he would take care of it."

"Yes, but how do you know that God (whatever the word may be understood to mean) has made us for Himself?"

"I wish your dinner were not so near—but can you imagine the First Cause bringing rational creatures out of non-being into being, unless He had intended them for Himself? Now there are three ways of intending them for Himself, and only three. He must either mean well, or ill, or something between the two. But a First Cause must be the sum of all possible power, and therefore cannot vacillate, and therefore cannot have an undecided intention in making us to be. Neither can such a Being have an evil intention; for, if He had, we should all be hopelessly miserable and wicked—which, as a matter of fact, we are not. Therefore His intention must be good. But He cannot, in any conceivable way, do that so well as by making us (to use your own words) for Himself. If He were to do otherwise——"

"You are assuming," interrupted Crayston, "that each man and woman is created by your God, instead of coming into existence by the action of physical causes."

"I don't assume anything," answered the Stranger. "I believe that He is the cause of the causes you refer to, and creates from nothing every soul. But we have not gone so far yet, and therefore I restricted myself to speaking of God simply as the First Cause. Whether He created at first only, or goes on creating, He is the cause of all that is, and therefore the fountain of all creative power, as the Sovereign (or, in these days, the Home Government) is the fountain of all civil authority."

"What are you driving at?" said Crayston.

"I have shown, I think," said the Stranger, "as far as time would allow, that a First Cause must have meant something when He caused us to be; must have meant well, and could not have meant better than by meaning us for Himself. Evidently He could not have meant better in our interest than by meaning that; for the First Cause must be self-sufficing, because He must have been, and been in a state of perfection, before He caused anything to be, and therefore couldn't have meant any created thing for His own advantage. But in what sense are we meant for Him? Self-sufficing, He has no need of us in any way, and therefore, when He intends us for Himself, the intention must concern us rather than Him. He is



good, for there is goodness in the human beings that He has made, and no one can give what he has not. Being so, what would——"

"If He is wise and good," interrupted Crayston, "why does He give badness—which He does, if He gives goodness? You can't say the one without the other."

"I do," answered the Stranger. "Evil in itself is the absence of good, as darkness is the absence of light, and therefore it cannot have been created. As an attribute of this or that thought, word, or deed, its action is destructive and contradictory, and therefore inconsistent with the idea of a First Cause. But allow me to continue. I will not keep you long. What would such a Being be likely to do for us, as the best thing that could be done? Certainly He would give us the means of obtaining the highest good. Now this implies the permanent satisfying of our highest aspirations, and being a fulfilment of love, can only be gained by some sort of permanent union with its object; which is precisely what Christianity claims to do for us by giving us grace to save our souls and enjoy the Beatific Vision of God. But this implies the means of showing us what we are to do on our part—which can only be by immediate or mediate instruction. And as we cannot do our part without the means of knowing what it is, and cannot be sure of that knowledge without a vicarious authority, visible and recognizable, since God is not visibly present, we are led to infer both. We find both in fact. He gives us immediate instruction by faith and conscience, mediate instruction through a visible Church whose credentials date back to the event that converted the most civilized peoples at the word of a fisherman, and back again historically, through prophets and patriarchs, to the days when God first made His will directly known to man and showed what disobedience to it meant. One may, of course, deny that God ever did make anything known to any one, and assert that people told lies when they said that He did, and challenge any one to prove it as one could prove that Harold was killed at the Battle of Hastings; but the unbroken and consistent evidence of tradition, living in one small nationality and growing from it into the moral life of the greatest nations on earth, cannot fail to compel your attention, if you only let your will be free to choose what your reason must infer, your heart feel, your soul grasp."

The Stranger, who had said these last words with such energy that Crayston was taken by surprise and showed no signs of impatience, raised himself up in bed, and leaning forward, regardless of the pressure on his broken rib, continued without a moment's pause.

"And then," he said, "you will pass on to the conclusion that cannot be avoided when the line of reasoning is fairly followed out from the proposition that God is God, and not an incomprehensible sum of the unintelligent universe or an abstraction from no one knows what, or the unity of uncreated creation, or an indescribable something of which the worst human beings are an element. Only give me time—two hours or less after your dinner—give me that, without predetermination of will or bias of mind, and you will convince yourself. You have never had the whole case put before you as it really stands—I have only given a few hints of it now—but when you have heard it more fully stated, even by such a bad exponent as myself, your own logical mind, varied knowledge, and power of comparison, will do the rest. Give me the happiness of doing so. It will be my only chance of doing something for you in return for all that you have done for me. That something is simply everything, because it includes all that is permanent and concerns the end for which we were created—the end that begins where ending ceases."

He paused for a moment, and Crayston, who had become himself again, interrupted again, but without any attempt at persuasion set his words, voice, manner and countenance in deadly antagonism to the speaker.

"The end of this must begin at once," he said. "If you hadn't gone through the question long ago and heard all there is to be said—which isn't much, for a little science will settle it in five minutes—I would listen with the greatest possible patience as long as you liked, argue it out exhaustively, and make the conclusion as evident as the noonday sun. But when a man, having seen truth, shuts his eyes to it, and tries to persuade me that black is white, merely to save the trouble of asserting himself before he is married, instead of doing so afterwards at a disadvantage, answering him is only a waste of time and a weak encouragement of an immoral action."

"If," said the Stranger, "I have ever done anything to show that your kind opinion of me hitherto has not been a gross mistake, for which there is no precedent in your judgment of

men, listen to me this evening, and then tell me how science (by which I understand you to mean physical science) can disprove what I shall have said, if the conclusions against it from scientific experiments are tested by logic."

"Tested by logic!" interrupted Crayston. "You mean trying to talk away proved facts by straw-splitting."

"I simply mean what you admit in principle and carry out in practice," answered the Stranger. "A number of separate facts tell us nothing beyond themselves, unless we draw sound conclusions from them by reasoning, of which logic is the only test."

"And sophistry the destroyer," interrupted Crayston. "Try it on somebody else. Do you think I am going to be caught in so clumsy a trap? Do you take me to be such a fool as not to see that you are trying to gain time and put me in a false position by making me seem to temporize? You had better put the idea out of your head at once. I tell you that once for all. I make every allowance for the temptations of sentimentality; but the attempt itself, if you look at it apart from the cause of your self-deception, is dishonest and ungrateful. You have compelled me to say this, and you compel me to say furthermore that your future position depends on your giving up the foolish and immoral idea of leaving the pursuit of truth to identify yourself with the followers of a degrading superstition which has impeded the advance of truth in the world more than anything that ever was devised by man, or ever can be."

"If I had wanted to entrap you," said the Stranger, "I should have concealed my convictions and not let pass the opportunities of the ball. Then (supposing myself accepted) you would have been bound in honour to Lord and Lady Ledchester; for you had told her exactly what your kind intentions were about me, you have encouraged the possible marriage in every possible way, and you have not made any religious conditions to me or to her—have you?"

"Well, not in so many words precisely," said Crayston. "But what of that? It was implied in everything I said."

"Your intentions were plainly stated," answered the Stranger; "for you told me so, and you have just said that you did not make any statement of conditions. If I had profited by the opportunities of the ball, as you expected me to do, Lord Ledchester would have held you responsible for your distinct

words and actions. As a man and a gentleman, you would be bound by them in conscience, in principle, and before the world; for you had put me in a position to do so, stated the fact without any conditions to Lady Ledchester, encouraged me in every possible manner, and shown, both in word and action, extreme impatience of even necessary delay. You know what I did, or rather, what I did not do. Was that laying a trap?"

Crayston smiled, and that smile was the worst that he had ever permitted to shadow forth his thoughts. He remained silent about a minute, or perhaps more—deliberately silent—and when he spoke, his words were emphasized neatly, as if they had been weighed before they were chosen.

"If I had so little belief," he said, "in the dignity of man, as to be capable of belief in prayer, I should say that you were past praying for. What have you done with your common sense? Do you suppose that I should have been bound in any way by what I didn't say? I never said that I had made you my heir unconditionally. No one but an idiot would do that. Suppose, for instance, that a pet heir took to gambling? Wouldn't there be an implied condition against his heirship then? Of course there would: but it wouldn't be told in confidence by way of a recommendation of him, to the mother of the young lady he wants to marry. Lady Ledchester knows my strong opinions—call them prejudices if you like, or any other name—perfectly well, for we have talked on the subject often quite lately, and she knows also how carefully I have guarded you against the very thing that you are trying, by every dodge you can think of, to make me condone. She knows it all as well as you do, and you know that she does, and you know that she entirely sympathizes with my feelings about it, and you know that Lord Ledchester, if he were in my position, would act as I shall have to do. Will you tell me now by what law of honour or obligation of justice, or custom of society, I am bound, or even expected, to stultify myself before the world and incur my own contempt, simply to reward you for treason to truth and ingratitude to me?"

The Stranger, who had calculated on this view of the case when on his way to the ball, was not taken by surprise, yet, before answering, he paused a little, as well he might, and thought over his reply to a question that could hardly be answered without causing additional irritation. Crayston coldly

scrutinized his countenance and said, "Will you kindly answer my question?"

"I don't know," said the Stranger, "what effect Lord and Lady Ledchester's religious opinions may have on their judgment in this case, nor how far the world will have means of judging it fairly. You have many friends, and I have not. You have the power that money and a well-constructed position in society have given you. I have nothing but a blighted life and the ruins of a false position that leaves me beggared, superannuated for any career, helpless to do, helpless to undo. What chance have I against you? The chance of a solitary man in a tiger's mouth. But in truth, justice and honour, I am in the right, and you are in the wrong: and you know it. No sophistry can annihilate these facts—that you encouraged me to the utmost in seeking the marriage, that you encouraged it before Lady Ledchester, that she understood you to do so and did so herself, and that you never mentioned any religious conditions of marriage to Lady Ledchester when distinctly telling her your intentions about me in order to forward the marriage."

This clear statement of the case, as facts made it, puzzled Crayston. He could neither deny the facts, defend his own dealings with them, nor make up his mind, then and there, to deny his own acts, contradict his own words, and violate his own principles.

"I should advise putting off the discussion till after dinner," he said. "You are not cool enough now."

"I see no use in putting it off," answered the Stranger; "for, now as then, it must come to this: That you insist on my apostatizing, that I distinctly refuse to do so, and that, if I did, the end you desire would not be gained."

"Very neatly put," said Crayston; "but there are other ways of putting, other points of view to see it from, other conclusions to be drawn. I will come back by-and-bye."

He was not satisfied either with himself or his cause; but he was angry, and anger is persuasive in its own line. He left the room slowly, showing persuasive signs of self-satisfaction and saying to himself: "All very well till it comes to the point. We shall see then how long his resolution will stand against the certainty of losing Lady Maud!"

But it did stand, though it stood amid crumbling ruins. It stood by the power that made it, even when hope in its extremity suggested a compromise that outwardly seemed lawful and wise.

"Why not accept," it said, "the promise that he acknowledges to have made? Are you to lose each other merely to avoid a nominal dispensation and a technically mixed marriage, when the marriage cannot be by any other means? Act prudently. Let him give you time to think—he evidently wishes you to do so—and put the case before *her*. Tell her that he leaves you no other way. Don't lose her, act unjustly to her, throw away the happiness which is yours by every right, refuse the blessings that God has given you, the duties that belong to them, turn yourself into a voluntary deceiver, make the deception, with all its consequences, your own act—all for a quibble of conscience."

"This is terribly plausible," he thought, "but if it were valid, the early Christians would have been justified in offering incense to the Emperor. 'He who denies Me before men, him will I deny before My Father who is in Heaven.' Prudence has no place here. I leave my cause to Almighty God."

By this time Crayston was at his dinner, which, according to his principles and habits, he enjoyed in complete moderation. That was his way of enjoying all enjoyable things; for he wanted to make the most of the only life that his will allowed him to imagine, and he knew from experience that the aggregate amount of enjoyment much depends, both in kind and in degree, on judiciously repressing by a gentle use of habit the extremes of appetite. He ate and drank little, but that little he carefully directed to his purpose with such critical appreciation and well-calculated use of leisure that he never wanted more. His digestion had never been impaired by illness, overwork, trouble, anxiety, or depth of feeling. Therefore, as he always had one of the best cooks, was careful in dining out, and never let his evil passions interfere with his care of himself, he enjoyed his dinner while the fate of two human lives trembled in the balance of his temper.



## Reviews.

---

### I.—AUTOGRAPH MS. OF THE "IMITATION."<sup>1</sup>

MR. ELLIOT STOCK, who is celebrated for his elegant reprints, has just issued a cheap facsimile reproduction of the celebrated MS. of the four books of the *Imitation of Christ*, which is known as the Autograph of the author, Thomas à Kempis. Although more than six thousand editions of the *Imitation* have been catalogued, it still remains a curious fact that not one of the many Latin editions gives the *ipsa verba* of Thomas ; that is, the *actual text in his own words, as he wrote it*. Until recently, the most perfect editions were those of Father Henry Sommals, or Sommalius, and Father Heribert Roswey, or Rosweyde, both of the Society of Jesus ; but they made some slight changes in the text. In A.D. 1874, the learned pastor, Dr. Charles Hirsche, of Hamburg, edited the most perfect edition of the autograph MS. of A.D. 1441, that has ever been printed ; but a few faults occur which he has corrected at the end, so that those who use this edition would do well to correct the text by the corrections given by Dr. Hirsche in the *Epilogue*. In book i. chapter xviii. Dr. Hirsche has changed the text, *Och teporis et negligentiae status nostri*, into *O teporis*, &c.

The value of Mr. Elliot Stock's facsimile edition of the autograph MS., which is preceded by a most interesting introduction from the pen of M. Charles Ruelens—one of the greatest living authorities on the subject—cannot be overrated. It is of the utmost importance. Every page is reproduced by photography, so that the text is represented to the reader in the very form in which it was left by Thomas, together with his own corrections and additions. In a word, this is now the standard text of the *Imitation* ; and at the small price of one shilling it is accessible to every one.

<sup>1</sup> The Reproduction of the Autograph MS. of the *Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas à Kempis. London : Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

It is a fact much to be regretted that though more than five hundred translations of the *Imitation* into more than fifty languages and dialects have been made, but with the exception of the Netherland and Flemish translations, not one of them gives the *full meaning* of what Thomas wrote, and as he understood what he wrote. The *Imitation* is full of Netherland idioms, some of which are now out of use, but most of which are still familiar expressions in the Netherlands. To editors, and translators who have no knowledge of Netherlandish and Flemish, these expressions are simply unintelligible. The consequence is, that editors, copyists, and translators have "improved" what they in their ignorance considered faults of carelessness on the part of Thomas. The few MSS. which were transcribed in Italy are defective for this reason. Valart, in his edition of A.D. 1758, which unfortunately has often been reprinted, and also translated into English, boasts that he had amended "more than six hundred faults in the text!" To refer to the line just quoted, *Och teporis et negligentiae*, &c. In Netherlandish, *Och* governs the genitive;<sup>2</sup> yet if any one will take the trouble to collate several Latin editions, he will find this line sadly mutilated.

Hitherto this autograph MS. has been ascribed to the year 1441; but this date is given at the end of the volume, which contains several other treatises of Thomas, and at the head of which stand the four books of the *Imitation*. These are all described by M. Ruelens. Recently, however, the Abbé Spitzen, of Zwoll, has shown satisfactorily that the MS. of the *Imitation* itself, which is in this volume, was written about twenty years earlier; and a translation of the first book into Netherlandish exists, which was made in the Monastery of Windesheim for the use of those Brothers who did not understand Latin.<sup>3</sup>

Another remarkable feature in this autograph MS. is the arrangement of the four books. The third stands fourth, and the fourth third; from which it is evident that Thomas intended

<sup>2</sup> The Windesheim MS. has, "*Och der læuheit ende der onachtsamheit ons staats.*"

<sup>3</sup> This precious MS. was lately discovered at Zwoll by the Abbé Spitzen; and probably is as early as A.D. 1420, or 1422. The form of the writing, the paper mark, the dialect of Overijssel, and other details, point out that this translation was made by John Scutken, who, according to Busch, was charged at Windesheim with the duty of translating books of devotion for the lay-brothers. Scutken, who had long been suffering from consumption, died in A.D. 1423.

the third book (our fourth) as a preparation for Holy Communion, and the fourth (our third) as a thanksgiving.

Another interesting and most important fact about the autograph MS. is this. It affords proof that this was the copy used by Thomas himself; and that, from time to time, he made several additions and corrections—not additions and corrections which a copyist would venture to make—but such as the author alone deemed necessary.

We also learn from it that Thomas *never completed the "Imitation" according to his original plan.* He intended to have added something to the third and fourth books; and this is the proof. Father Victor Becker, S.J., who is the greatest authority living on the *Imitation*, and on everything connected with Thomas à Kempis, points out that in the heading or summaries of the chapters which are given at the head of the first and second books, Thomas reserved no free space, not even for one single line; neither did he leave any blank pages. *Expliciunt* given in the line following the text is immediately followed by the *Incipiunt* of the chapters of the next book.

But in regard of the third and fourth books (our fourth and third), Thomas acted otherwise. In the summary at the head of the third book, he has left room for the insertion of three or four chapters; and at the end of chapter xviii. he has left five blank pages. Equally, he left more vacant space in the summary of the fourth book; and at the end of chapter xviii. ten blank pages: neither do either of these last two books bear the usual *Expliciunt*. There we have evidence from Thomas himself, that he had not completed the third and fourth books. It may be remarked that Mr. Stock's reprint gives the five blank pages at the end of the third book, but only four at the end of the fourth book.

In this brief space we have been unable to refer to some other points of vast interest and importance,—the punctuation, the Netherlandisms, and many allusions in the *Imitation* to facts which have no signification whatsoever *outside the Congregation of Windesheim*.

To those of our readers who may wish to learn much most valuable and important information about Thomas à Kempis and the *Imitation*, we recommend a work—*L'Auteur de l'Imitation et les Documents Néerlandais*, par Victor Becker, S.J.<sup>4</sup> He is the principal authority for what we have said.

<sup>4</sup> Nutt, 270, Strand.

2.—SCOTTISH CATHOLICS UNDER MARY STUART AND JAMES THE SIXTH.<sup>1</sup>

What Father Morris, S.J., did ten years ago for our English Catholic martyrs and confessors, and did with much judgment and learning, Father William Forbes-Leith is now doing for the Catholics of Scotland. And he is advancing step by step in his labours with a zeal and an energy which are worthy of all commendation, and on which we offer him our congratulations.

We have intentionally given at some length the title-page of this volume, because it furnishes a correct outline of its contents. It is a subject about which accurate information is much needed. If the true history of the so-called Reformation in England is very imperfectly understood—as most assuredly is the case—the history of that movement in Scotland is not only practically unknown, but absolutely misunderstood and habitually misrepresented. Knox and his followers made short work of everything connected with the history of Catholic Scotland. Every architectural memorial, each work of art and literature, was ruthlessly destroyed as a monument of idolatry. The historical documents perished with the others, no regard being paid to the subject-matter to which they related. The few early documents which were allowed to escape were preserved, not because of their intrinsic value, but because they were supposed to contain evidence which might be important in establishing the right of the owner in the possession of lands which had been given to the religious foundation from which his ancestor, or perhaps himself, had seized them. We may affirm then, in general terms, that Scotland can supply comparatively little for the elucidation of her own history; and that if we would understand that history we must be largely indebted to a scientific examination of the contents of foreign libraries and archives.

Impressed with this conviction, Father Forbes-Leith has turned to good purpose the facilities which have recently been offered by the Holy Father for the investigation of the treasures of the Vatican. The present volume derives its most important materials from this grand depository, and the novelty as well

<sup>1</sup> *Narratives of Scottish Catholics under Mary Stuart and James the Sixth.* Now first printed from the original manuscripts in the secret archives of the Vatican and other collections. Edited by William Forbes-Leith, S.J. Edinburgh: William Paterson, 1885.

as the intrinsic importance of these revelations warrant us in assigning to them an exceptional value.

To specify in detail the component parts of this volume is unnecessary. Their general import and the period to which they relate, are marked with sufficient precision on the title-page. They give us, what we so much need, a clear, unimpassioned, and trustworthy account of the state of Scotland as it existed at the time when the Kirk was being founded, while Knox was scolding and preaching, and Mary Stuart was being gradually involved in that web of fraud and violence which induced her at length to take refuge in England. But two of these narratives are of sufficient length and importance to merit a special notice. One is the report of a Jesuit named Gaudanus, who was sent by the Holy Father into Scotland in 1562, and whose description of the state of the country and of his interviews with the Queen and the Catholic Bishops is of supreme interest. The other is the continuation of his history of Scotland by John Leslie, Bishop of Ross, which practically is the history of his own times. These two narratives are now for the first time published in an English form; that of Gaudanus from the records of the Society of Jesus, the latter from the secret archives of the Vatican, where it was discovered by Father Stevenson.

The volume is printed with the elegance which distinguishes the publications of Mr. Paterson of Edinburgh. In the spirit of kindness we notice a few unimportant errata which have escaped the eye of the printer—for Lorraine (*bis*) read Louvain (p. 63), for Armelius read Amulius (p. 63), for whom she had *not* met before, read, whom she had met before (p. 66), for Moray read Mar (p. 68), for friar read prior (p. 70),—and having done this we conclude by wishing the volume all the great success which it assuredly merits.

---

### 3.—ARISTOTELIS OPERA OMNIA.<sup>1</sup>

There are scarcely any, even among the boldest of modern innovators in philosophy, who venture to disown the authority of Aristotle and to deny to Aristotelianism the possession of

<sup>1</sup> *Aristotelis Opera Omnia*. Brevi paraphrasi et expositione illustrata a Silvestri Mauro, S.J. Editio juxta Romanam anni 1658 denno typis descripta opere Franc. Ehrle, S.J., adjuvantibus Bonif. Felchin et Fr. Berringer, S.J. Tom i. Paris: Lethielleux, 1885.

the fundamental principles of philosophic truth. They ignore him, misunderstand him, misquote him, treat him much as Protestants treat the Bible, but all, or almost all, are obliged to confess that he is the authority to whom all must bow, the Great Master who practically answered for all future ages the question, What is truth, so far as human reason could answer it in the age in which he lived. Modern discovery has set aside none of the principles of Aristotelianism. Just as the genius of Herodotus anticipated facts which have only recently been ascertained to be true in history and geography after they had been long regarded as mere fables, so modern scientific research continually reveals fresh evidence of the wonderful grasp of the genius of Aristotle and his insight into subjects which long experience has only little by little unveiled to us by *à posteriori* investigations. When St. John Damascene in the East and St. Thomas of Aquin in the West threw the weight of their authority into the scale of Aristotelian as distinguished from Platonic philosophy, they did but act as became champions of truth and loyal sons of the Church. Ever since their time Aristotelianism has been the recognized system of the Catholic Church. The true remedy for the false philosophy of the present day is to revive a thorough and fundamental study of Aristotle, and the Holy Father in his zeal for the spread of true philosophy in recommending to the faithful a closer adherence to the philosophy of St. Thomas, virtually recommends also a greater faithfulness to Aristotelianism, as being the basis on which St. Thomas builds up his system.

The splendid work that has been undertaken by certain Jesuit Fathers of the German Province, of bringing out a new edition of the leading schoolmen, whose doctrine is to be depended upon, and whose works are rare, very naturally commences with the Latin text of Aristotle joined with the running commentary of a Jesuit of the seventeenth century, Silvester Maurus or Mauro, who was a Professor of Philosophy in the Roman College for many years. His commentary is explanatory rather than critical. It is clear, simple, accurate, and is the work of one who has given himself entirely to his subject and made himself a thorough master of it. The first volume, which has been already published, contains the Logic, Rhetoric, and Poetics. The Ethics, Politics, and Economics are to follow in the second volume. The Latin text is the version of Julius Pacius for the Organon and Riccoboni for the Rhetoric and



Poetics; Porphyry's Introduction to the Aristotelian Logic forms the Preface of the first volume. The present editors have carefully revised the text without introducing anything of their own, save a few necessary notes at the commencement of the first volume.

Amid the crowd of original works on Aristotle and Aristotelianism at the present day, it is a singular proof of the wisdom and prudence of our editors that they who are far more competent to write on the subject than ninety-nine out of a hundred who do so, nevertheless content themselves with the modest and unpretending task of reproducing the sound and simple paraphrase of a theologian of the seventeenth century. Their enterprise involves an amount of tedious and self-sacrificing toil which we hope the Catholic world will appreciate. It is so entirely according to the mind of the Holy Father, that we feel sure that it cannot fail of a permanent success.

---

4.—DE DEO.<sup>1</sup>

Father Piccirelli, after many years of teaching and patient toil, has produced a work of real merit. He has written a treatise on God, excellent in method and full of sound philosophy, containing a clear and logical exposition of the doctrine of the great Catholic masters, and especially of Suarez. No one that is acquainted with the *Eximius Doctor* will fail to recognize in Father Piccirelli his intelligent, learned, and faithful interpreter. We confess that, at the present time, when infidelity is spreading far and wide and the Church has to maintain an undying struggle against it, we should have welcomed a fuller and more direct disproof of the fallacies of pantheism. Those to whom has been entrusted the difficult task of training defenders of the Faith, must in the present day teach them the most practical and modern method of warfare, and arm them with weapons suited to modern controversy, if they are successfully to meet the foes of the true Faith.

Yet we cannot quarrel with Father Piccirelli on this point, for in his own words, "the main object of the volume is to pave the way and prepare men's minds for a scientific knowledge of

<sup>1</sup> *De Deo Disputationes Metaphysicae*. 8vo. Auctore J. M. Piccirelli, S.J. Lutetiae Parisiorum: Apud Victorem Lecoffre.

what Revelation tells us of God. Hence," he says, "it will treat the whole subject with due order and method, but will find its chief pleasure in dealing with those things in which it more specially is subservient to revealed theology; that it may be a real support to it, overladen as it is with too great an abundance of questions respecting the supernatural."<sup>2</sup>

Father Piccirelli has very ably and fully performed the task he thus proposes. No text-book gives, for instance, a more complete refutation of the famous *a priori* argument with which even great men like St. Anselm (as he is commonly interpreted), Descartes and Leibnitz, endeavoured to prove the existence of God. Moreover, a special appendix has for its purport to give the real mind of St. Anselm on the object and value of that argument. If the conclusions of this appendix are admitted, we should say that St. Anselm has been misunderstood by the great majority of his interpreters.

Very interesting also and important are the sections on the science, liberty, and providence of God. But the question which Father Piccirelli has handled with the most minute attention and solicitous care, and to which he shows a sort of fatherly affection, is that of the Divine concursus. He shows, and we think most clearly, the gratuitous nature of the conception of a transient physical motion on the part of God, which is supposed to induce both the capacity and the necessity of acting in all secondary causes, including free moral agents. It is contrary to the doctrine of St. Thomas, to facts, to our precious gift of liberty, and to the wisdom and goodness of God. But we are unable to endorse all the views of the Author on this subject, although in the main they are not different from those supported by Suarez,<sup>3</sup> and certainly should not censure the opinion of Durandus as strongly as Father Piccirelli does.

There is another point on which we do not quite agree with Father Piccirelli. It is easy enough, even to our feeble reason, to prove the existence of a necessary cause and Supreme Being; but the best method for deducing the other attributes of God from the necessity of His existence, is not quite so clear. Our learned philosopher, instead of proving first, as most do, that a necessary being must be infinitely perfect and consequently one only, strives to make good that the Supreme Being, *because necessary*, is one. This method may be more convenient,

<sup>2</sup> Prolegomenon, p. 10.

<sup>3</sup> Suarez, *Opusc.* I. l. i. c. iv., *Metaph.*, Disput. 22.

but we think the argument from necessity to unity is not altogether convincing.

But after all, Father Piccirelli cannot be expected to solve all disputed points so as to give full satisfaction to everybody. He takes good care to stand always on the safe side, as far as authority is concerned, and all that he says is well weighed and supported. His work will prove an invaluable one for the higher Christian education. Its abundance and choice of matter its clear divisions and invaluable index, which covers forty long pages, will render it most serviceable both to professors and students. We hope that this first-fruit of his labours is but the prelude to further publications in the field in which he has, in this first attempt, attained an undeniable success.

---

5.—CARDINAL ALLEN.<sup>1</sup>

English Catholics will always read the history of the Reformation with intense interest, for it excites every sort of varied feeling. There is triumph for our martyrs and admiration for the national "pluck" under every phase of difficulty and hardship, while those who are drawn to the terrible will find it in plenty, without the ordinary danger of being degraded by its contact. The story excites much of sorrow, sometimes even shame, but he must be less than human who does not find in it much, nay, very much, to admire. Cardinal Allen played a leading part all through the latter half of the struggle, and Dr. Bellesheim could not have chosen a better subject for his study than the life of such a man, and a view of the great work which he initiated—the English Seminaries on the Continent.

Allen was in fact a witness and an actor in all the changes of the religious revolution. His childish days were those of the suppression of the monasteries, and as a boy he lived through the tyranny of Henry's schism. At Oxford he was a witness of Edward's reforms, as well as of the counter-reforms of Queen Mary, and when Elizabeth came to the throne he was already Principal of St. Mary's Hall, and held a canonry at York. The new changes forced him first to resign his post in the University,

<sup>1</sup> *Wilhelm Cardinal Allen, und die Englischen Seminare auf dem Festlande.* Von Dr. Alphons Bellesheim. F. Kirchheim, Mainz, 1885.

and soon to leave the kingdom, two years later he was wandering a proscribed missionary in Lancashire. But again the notoriety which his powers attracted forced him to fly abroad, where his influence among his fellow-exiles enabled him to unite the most noted of them into the renowned Seminary of Douay. That Seminary was henceforward the centre of Allen's labours, and the spirit which he breathed into it soon bore fruit. In ten years he had sent some twenty priests into England, two of whom had won the martyr's palm, and when after three years more the number of missionaries had doubled, and the advent of Fathers Campion and Persons had given so great an impetus to the Catholic reaction, the effects of Allen's labours might be gauged by the new spirit that animated the faithful, the exasperated fury of the persecution, and the thousands of converts.

The work had only been started by unsparing labour, and protracted efforts were required to prevent the good begun from failing. To this Allen devoted the remainder of his life and strength. He pleaded for noblemen and gentry reduced to beggary and starvation for religion's sake. For some he procured pensions from the Pope or the King of Spain, for others he obtained occupation abroad. "*Moyse noster*" was the appellation that Catholics applied to him, for he was in truth their leader, their guide, and comforter. We find him constantly excusing himself to Cardinal Como for transgressing the limits which had been set on his charity.

In addition to his other labours the Pope made him Cardinal in 1587, and henceforward, till his death in 1594, the work of the Congregations was added to the thousand cares that weighed upon him. He had long been on the commission for the Septuagint, now he was assigned a leading part in Clement the Eighth's recension of the Vulgate, and he took part in the election of no less than four Popes.

Finally, our esteem for him will be still further increased when we remember that he was a constant invalid, and so poor that he did not leave enough money to pay his funeral expenses.

All these things Dr. Bellesheim narrates with remarkable clearness and an abundance of particulars, many of which had escaped even the diligence of Father Knox. Perhaps, what will attract the attention of Catholics most is the part Allen played in State matters. For the Protestant tradition has permeated so exclusively all our historical traditions, that now we can

hardly bring ourselves to pass sober judgment on one who favoured the Spanish Armada, and wished to put an end to persecution, if need were, by the force of arms.

Dr. Bellesheim treats the question fully, as far as our present knowledge goes, insisting always on what it is all important to remember as a first principle, that although the time was one of change, the mediæval idea of the relations of Church and State were still predominant, and that to judge of the question from any other standpoint would be mere misreading of history. To settle the question, however, we shall require both further investigations into the state of affairs abroad, and much more an intimate knowledge of the position and feelings of Catholics at home. At present we know but very little of the former, and practically nothing of the latter, but until this shall have been satisfactorily cleared up, it is obviously impossible to pass a final judgment. We need hardly say that there is nothing known derogatory either to Allen's lofty morality or exquisite kindness of heart.

The latter quality, indeed, a magnanimous large-heartedness embracing all, and winning all, has always been recognized as the special characteristic of the man. It breathes in every line of his letters, it was shown in numberless acts of kindness and forgiveness, it drew to him men of the most opposite natures and enabled him to unite them all in the service of his country, and to rule without either laws or punishments. "Allen holds the hearts of all" wrote Father Persons in 1583. And of his own Seminary Allen could say, "A little government there is and order, but no bondage nor straightness in the world," and Dr. Worthington draws a similar picture.<sup>2</sup>

Dr. Bellesheim has not omitted to tell us of Allen's worth as a scholar, and has found place for interesting notices of the Douay Bible, and of the many other books which Allen wrote either wholly or in part. Our historian has not only made excellent use of the materials which were to hand in the volumes so well edited by the late Dr. Knox, but he has also added to our previous stock of knowledge from his own researches. The most important addition perhaps being a memorial on Allen's position with regard to the conversion of the King of France, printed in the Appendix, where there are also some interesting papers on St. Omer's College.

The wish with which Dr. Bellesheim closes his work we

<sup>2</sup> Knox, i. p. 371.

cordially reecho—that the Pope would raise to our altars the men whom Allen chose and taught and trained, whom he sent forth to win their palms and crowns. We may hope that the wished-for consummation will not now be delayed for long.

---

6.—A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH CATHOLICS.<sup>1</sup>

In this work Mr. Gillow proposes to give, in the most ready and convenient form, a concise record of the literary efforts, educational struggles, and the sufferings for religion's sake, of the Catholics in England down to the present time from Henry's breach with Rome, and the beginning of the consequent Anglican schism. There can be but one opinion as to the value of such a work, if properly executed, and the volume now issued gives a reasonable hope that this will be the case throughout with Mr. Gillow's Dictionary. It consists of 612 pages, and carries the articles on to the end of the letter C. As we are given to understand that the other portions of the work are in a state of forwardness, we may reasonably hope that the author will ere long receive the congratulations of the Catholic world upon the completion of his labours.

We can bear witness from our own personal knowledge to the general accuracy of Mr. Gillow's statements, and to the reliable nature of his authorities, but we must make one exception. We cannot help regretting the insertion of various passages injurious to the good name of the Society of Jesus. Even were they an accurate statement of the facts, it would have been better to have suppressed them, as they are quite unnecessary to the completeness of the narrative. But they are for the most part a revival of calumnies which have long since been refuted. We have reason to believe that it was Mr. Gillow's authorities, rather than himself, that were to blame, but he sometimes brings forward without any authority mere vague reports, which certainly leave an unfair impression on the mind of the reader. We refer, among others, to the alleged ill-treatment of the English deputies by Father Persons ("It is

<sup>1</sup> *A Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics from the breach with Rome in 1534 to the present time.* By Joseph Gillow. Vol. I. Burns and Oates, 1885.



stated," &c., p. 475); to the unjustifiable interference in the College at Douai attributed to the English Jesuits (pp. 497, 8); to the charge against them of encouraging the refractory conduct of the students in the English College at Rome at the time of Dr. Clenock's Rectorship (p. 503), and other similar passages. We are aware of the delicate task Dr. Gillow had to perform, and the difficulty of being fair to both sides, but we notice a certain bias which we should scarcely have expected in an historian in other respects so careful, but which we feel sure is quite involuntary on his part, and is due to the sources of his information not having been impartial in every respect.

The bibliographical section of the work merits a special notice and commendation. It seems to have received much care at the hands of the author, and will be found to be exceedingly useful in many ways, by directing attention to matters which, under ordinary circumstances, would probably have escaped observation. Some opinion of its extent may be formed by remarking that under "Charles Butler" we have a list of fifty works written by him or connected with him, Bishop Challoner furnishes fifty-three, and forty-two are assigned to Dr. Joseph Berington of Buckland. An important list of additions and corrections is prefixed, and deserve notice. We conclude with the expression of the hope that, we shall be able ere long to welcome the appearance of the second and subsequent volumes of this important undertaking.

---

7.—THE RELIGION OF ANCIENT PERSIA.<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Casartelli's work on the religion of ancient Persia under the rule of the Sassanid dynasty (A.D. 226—651) was written as the *thèse* for his doctorate in Oriental languages at the University of Louvain. It is not a compilation made at second hand from the researches of older scholars, but a piece of original work based upon the study of the Pahlavi literature of the Sassanid period. The number of living Oriental scholars who are competent to deal with a Pahlavi text is a very small one, and the young author of this essay is to be heartily con-

<sup>1</sup> *La Philosophie Religieuse du Mazdisme sous les Sassanides.* Par L. C. Casartelli. London: Trübner and Co., 1884.

gratulated on having successfully inaugurated his studies in so obscure and difficult a field.

The subject of the essay is one of very wide interest, from the fact that the religion of ancient Persia has influenced, or been influenced, by most of the great historical religions of the world. The problem of its origin is still to a great extent an open one, but this is beyond the limits of Dr. Casartelli's work. He deals with it only from the time when, under the Sassanids, it became the organized State religion of Persia. But even with this limitation it is not possible entirely to neglect the much controverted questions of the connection between the religion of Zoroaster and Judaism. Thus, at p. 115, the author deals briefly with the attempt made by certain writers to assign a Persian origin to the account given in Genesis of the tree of life and the tree of knowledge. The points of contact between Mazdeism or Zoroastrianism and Christianity are very numerous both in the historical and theological field, and many of these are touched upon in the work before us. Many Mazdean doctrines are clearly more or less due to Christian influence, and at the very outset of the Sassanid period we find Mâni attempting to effect a kind of fusion of the two religions, with the result that he is held in detestation by Christians and Mazdeans alike, by Christians as the founder of Manicheanism, by Mazdeans as an apostate. To this same period belong the terrible persecutions of the Christians at the hands of Shahpur, and the literature of the time affords evidence of the hate of Christianity which led to these persecutions. There was even a demon, *Shêdâ-çîth*—i.e., the "white demon"—invented, to embody the genius of Christianity. Out of Persian dualism, with its rival worlds of good and evil, came not only Manicheanism, but probably some elements of the Gnostic heresies, and far into the middle ages errors that had originated in the schools of Mazdeism troubled the religious peace of Europe. The study of such a religion must always be an important one, even apart from the interest that attaches to it on account of the presence of the Parsi community in our own Indian dominions. We are indeed glad to see a Catholic scholar devoting himself to its study here in England, and we trust that the essay before us is only the introduction to more important works from Dr. Casartelli's pen.

8.—TOWARDS THE TRUTH.<sup>1</sup>

*Towards the Truth* is a didactic poem on the Catholic Church. The author begins at the beginning by showing against modern scepticism that we can be certain of our individual existence and identity, thence shows that we must have a God as Creator who has given us faculties to know and love Him, and an immortal soul to be happy for ever with Him after death. God has also given us freewill, so that we may or may not choose to pursue the end for which He created us. If we wish to do His will we want a guide, which cannot be Conscience as it is too subjective and liable to err, nor the Bible for it is hard to be understood and needs an infallible interpreter. Hence we must admit that the God-Man Jesus Christ is our guide, who when He ascended into Heaven left His Apostles and their successors to be His representatives and to guide men infallibly to Heaven.

When the claims of the Catholic Church have been established the chief points in her teaching are briefly touched upon. Various popular objections are started by the way, and the answers are given. Thus a little philosophical treatise on the Catholic Church is presented in the pleasing garb of poetry.

The poetical form chosen to set the teaching forth is that of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, and occasionally the reader may detect soft echoes of that masterpiece in *Towards the Truth*. The language is simple and natural, the metre smooth and pleasing.

Didactic poetry seldom admits lofty flights of imagination, so that it would be wrong to expect them here. The author does not profess that his thoughts "wear the full poetic dress," but for what he seems to have intended—to instruct in a pleasing way—we can heartily recommend this beautiful little volume.

<sup>1</sup> *Towards the Truth*. Thoughts in Verse. By Sir John Croker Barrow, Bart. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1885.

## *Literary Record.*

### I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

FATHER BAGSHAWE'S *Catechism Illustrated*<sup>1</sup> seems to have misled some into the belief that it was a picture book. In his Second Edition he has therefore given it a new title which is unmistakeable. We are glad to have this opportunity of again recommending it to our readers. A good knowledge of Holy Scripture is a desideratum among Catholic children for many reasons, and what better means can be devised of imparting it than to teach it as illustrating and proving the Catechism? The primary object of the Author is devotional not controversial, though he does not leave out of sight, the confirmation of Catholic doctrine to be found in the pages of the Bible.

Miss O'Connor's *Wild Flowers*<sup>2</sup> is very handsomely got up and suitable for a present to fair young maidens. It contains a collection of simple little pieces in verse and prose, full of harmless sentiment and tender piety. The following, entitled "The Voice of Hope," is a good specimen of the general style throughout.

In your hours of grief and sorrow,  
(If such hours come to you,)  
And you feel the world is shallow  
And that friendship is untrue,  
Listen to Hope's soft voice falling  
Thrillingly upon the heart,  
Like sweet sympathetic music  
Bidding every grief depart.  
Listen, for 'twill bring you comfort,  
It will bid you not to mourn;  
'Twill remind you that 'tis ever  
Darkest just before the dawn.

<sup>1</sup> *The Catechism and Holy Scripture*, being a Second Edition of the *Catechism Illustrated*. By Rev. J. B. Bagshawe, D.D. London: R. Washbourne.

<sup>2</sup> *Wild Flowers*. By Ruth A. O'Connor. New York: Catholic Publication Society.

We reviewed at its first appearance Professor Mivart's most useful Essay<sup>3</sup> in popular and conversational form on that borderland between the material and the spiritual, which includes sensation, external and internal, and all the series of links which lead us on from the visible to the invisible world, from the phenomena of sense to intellectual truth. We need say nothing more respecting it now, except to express our satisfaction at seeing a new and popular edition. There are few men in England who have such a grasp of this subject in its physiological bearing as Professor Mivart, and we hope that he may continue to devote his scientific pen to the cause of philosophic and religious truth.

One of the difficulties of those who have to manage boys is to find them suitable occupation in their leisure hours, especially in wet weather. An amateur mechanic supplies, in *Handicraft for Handy People*,<sup>4</sup> one excellent means of solving the difficulty. Not that this is the chief way in which the instructions given will prove useful. The subject of technical education at our primary schools is becoming more and more prominent, and in these pages excellent instructions are given on all kinds of artisans' work, in plain language, founded on the writer's own experience, and in concise and convenient form. There are very few, whether professionals or amateurs, who will not find in it valuable information. It treats not only of carpentry, joinery, soldering, &c., but does not despise the task of giving useful hints how to drive in a nail, hang a picture, or mount a travelling map.

The simple story of *Graciosa*,<sup>5</sup> published at Poitiers as a serial volume of the "Annales de la Première Communion," gives the history of a conversion to the Catholic faith which contains ample materials for an exciting novel, and yet, as we are assured by the editor, is a well-authenticated narrative of facts. The events recorded are of very recent occurrence, and portray in this young English Protestant lady married to a French artist, of Spanish extraction, a true heroine of actual life, one whose conversion, as here related, must carry conviction to all readers of a singularly strong and unbiassed fidelity to

<sup>3</sup> *Nature and Thought*. An Introduction to a Natural Philosophy. By St. George Mivart, F.R.S. Second Edition. London: Burns and Oates.

<sup>4</sup> *Handicraft for Handy People*. By an Amateur Mechanic. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

<sup>5</sup> *Graciosa*. Simple Histoire. Par W. Moreau. Paris: Haton, Editeur, 35, Rue Bonaparte. Poitiers: Chez l'Auteur, Près Sainte-Radegonde.

grace in the midst of much domestic affliction before her reception into the Church, and of a most noble perseverance in corresponding with it under the trials which became far heavier to bear afterwards. Another very useful feature of this painful, yet deeply interesting, narration is the study which it affords of the contrary action of two minds and characters, intimately connected together and both brought powerfully under the influence of grace, yet the one persistently rejecting it, the other giving ready and full admission to it. While the originally amiable and affectionate, yet insincere, unstable, and jealous disposition of Alonzo rapidly and fearfully deteriorates, Graciosa, his ill-fated wife, grows daily brighter and stronger in her new life of faith, piety, and ever hopeful resignation to the will of God. Meanwhile, at this very moment, the troubled and severed streams of these two lives still flow sadly on.

It is impossible not to admire the fresh simplicity of the two young Belgians, whose holiday trip is the subject of *The Lost Glove*.<sup>6</sup> The enthusiasm with which they set out to enjoy Switzerland is delightful, the descriptions are good, and excite in us the desire to follow the young men on their travels. The glove incident is nothing very tragic, our two friends see a young lady and an elderly gentleman travelling together, whose appearance provokes the wildest curiosity in one of the friends; this is heightened by their failure to find out any details about the couple, beyond that they are probably Russians. The mystery is not cleared up, as it would be in an English novel, and the story ends rather abruptly; but it will have a charm for all who admire simple-hearted enthusiasm over the beauties of nature. The translation is very fairly done.

Every one who knows the value of example as an incentive to good deeds, will welcome a second volume of biographical sketches from the pen of an authoress who is already well known to our readers.<sup>7</sup> She places before us the history of six Catholic women, whose lives were spent in practising the precepts of the Church, and in whom the supernatural element, ennobling all they did, added a lustre to their high natural virtues, rare moral qualities and nobility of character. She has aimed in her selection of heroines at choosing representatives of different

<sup>6</sup> *The Lost Glove*. By Hendrik Conscience. Translated from the French. London: Burns and Oates.

<sup>7</sup> *Women of Catholicity*. By Anna T. Sadlier. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers, 1885.



aces and different states of life, from the Queen on the throne to the nun in the cloister or the pious daughter and wife who in the quiet walks of ordinary life edifies all around by her good example. These sketches, which are calculated to interest as well as to instruct, are written in a simple attractive style, and the tastefully decorated volume will be a most valuable addition to the books suited for prizes for girls, especially those who have been educated in convent schools.

*God's Way: Man's Way*<sup>8</sup> shows the manner in which God often deals with those in whose heart creatures have usurped the place which the Creator ought to fill. It gives the history of a young American of wealth and cultivation, whose intention was to have a thoroughly "good time," making worldly happiness and enjoyment his one object. For a time all prospers with him, he had, some years before, won the childish affections of a charming girl, who, when she is grown up, becomes his wife. But God presently makes known how different His way is to man's ways; after two years of wedded happiness, the young wife, who is a Catholic, is lost in a manner too strange not to be true, and when, after many painful vicissitudes, she is restored to her husband, fresh trials arise both for her and him. God's way, however, when it spoilt his "good time" had led him to find consolation in the truth; thus joy and sorrow, shadow and sunshine lie side by side in this pleasing sketch, which, we are told, is drawn from life, and portrays characters whom the authoress herself has known. Many descriptions of American life and manner, such as the *clam-bake* and the *church-bake* will be new and entertaining to English readers.

Messrs. Gill have issued in a penny pamphlet an account of the Image and Sanctuary of our Lady of Good Counsel at Genazzano,<sup>9</sup> compiled from Mgr. Dillon's work. This devotion is by God's mercy rapidly spreading, and this interesting summary will help on the good work.

At a convent in the south of Ireland, some thirty-eight years since, a holy priest gave a Retreat,<sup>10</sup> the substance of which one of his listeners carefully wrote down and now reproduces from

<sup>8</sup> *God's Way: Man's Way*. A story of Bristol. By H. M. K. Brownell. New York: Catholic Publication Society. London: Burns and Oates.

<sup>9</sup> *Sketch History of the Sacred Image and Sanctuary of the Virgin Mother of Good Counsel at Genazzano*. Compiled from the work of Mgr. Dillon. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

<sup>10</sup> *Lectures delivered at a Spiritual Retreat*. New York: Catholic Publication Society.

the other side of the Atlantic. We recognize in these Lectures the work of a good and thoughtful man, and believe that they will be read by many, both religious and seculars, with edification and pleasure.

The *Battle of Fontenoy*<sup>11</sup> is a spirited and animated poem on a subject of which Catholic Ireland has cause to be justly proud. At Fontenoy the Irish Brigade, by their magnificent charge, turned the fortunes of the day in favour of France at a moment when the success of the English seemed certain. The victory was dearly bought. The Brigade lost a third of its numbers in the charge. The exploit is described with great feeling and brilliancy by Mr. Corbet, and he prefaces his Poem with an interesting summary of the sufferings of the Irish Catholics in the days of persecution.

*St. Kenelm*<sup>12</sup> is a chapter of Saxon history, rather tragic and very pious. It tells of the young Kenelm, Prince of Mercia, murdered by his tutor Ascobert. Kenelm was a wondrous child, a saint almost before the age of reason was attained. He has given his name to St. Kenelm's Well, near Cowbach, in Worcestershire, which is said to possess miraculous powers of healing.

---

## II.—MAGAZINES.

Father Lehmkuhl, writing in the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, on the freedom of the Press and liberty of speech, remarks that these were some forty or fifty years ago the Utopian dream of the so-called party of progress. Their desire is in part fulfilled in Germany, for although the Church retains her right of censure, her power there is crippled, and the State concedes a nominal liberty, that is, while suppressing every utterance which it considers dangerous to itself, it permits and even authorizes teachers who would uproot all belief, and strike at the root of those fundamental truths of religion which are the cement which holds human society together. An episode out of Bishop Laurent's life relates the expatriation by royal decree of one

<sup>11</sup> *The Battle of Fontenoy*. A Historical Poem. By W. J. Corbet, M.P. Revised Edition. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

<sup>12</sup> *St. Kenelm, the Martyr Prince*. A story for boys. By E. H. London: Richardson and Son.

of Germany's most zealous and energetic prelates almost immediately upon his entrance on his episcopal duties. This took place as long ago as 1840, and affords fresh proof that the *Culturkampf* was being waged many years before its outbreak in 1871. Prior to his consecration Bishop Laurent had distinguished himself as a champion of the Church's rights. Father Hagen, in an article which has the merit, of being intelligible and interesting to those who know but little of astronomy, points out how little definite knowledge, despite the much-vaunted advance of science, we have of the nature of the heavenly bodies, and the laws which govern them. He mentions some of the open questions that astronomers have yet to answer: with regard to the matter of which the sun is composed, their knowledge is only conjectural; various and conflicting are the theories as to the origin of the heat it diffuses and its distance from the earth; the direction of the movement of our solar system through space, and the forces influencing the motion of the moon and planets are also unsolved problems. Although Catholicism is extinct in Iceland, Father Baumgartner claims for her the title of a child of the Church, on account of the former prevalence of the Faith throughout those frost-bound regions, traces of which he discerns everywhere. He gives an account of her ecclesiastical history from the introduction of Christianity in 981 until the new doctrines were forced upon the land by royal authority in the middle of the sixteenth century, and the two able prelates who had maintained ecclesiastical discipline admirably up to that time were sent as prisoners to Denmark, Iceland being then subject to Danish rule.

The end of the world, when it will come, and how it will come, is a subject which has occupied the minds of men in all ages. No one, however, has succeeded in raising the veil of mystery wherein it is shrouded. Dr. Bautz, in the *Katholik* for June, glances at the various interpretations of the prophecies of Daniel, and the mysterious utterances of the Apocalypse, and after mentioning the numerous predictions of holy men and the surmises of fanatics as to the probably near approach of the end of the present dispensation, concludes with the avowal that it is not given to men to know the times God has appointed. The form of consecration of the Holy Oils, and their use in the Church, forms the subject of another of those articles so instructive and so highly interesting from an historical and

liturgical point of view, which the *Katholik* so frequently provides for its readers.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (841, 842) comments upon some words in the address delivered by the Holy Father to the Representatives of the Catholic Congresses of Italy, in which he asserts that as his predecessors fought for the liberties of the Church, so he fights with unshaken constancy, and fights too, with an assured hope of victory. The unflinching courage, as well as the power and authority exhibited by the Sovereign Pontiff and which they thought they had destroyed, has had the effect on the Liberal party of a bomb thrown into their camp : the *Civiltà* explains the reasons of the silence with which this utterance was received by the enemies of the Church, adding that they have yet to learn that in the words of St. Hilary, *hoc Ecclesie proprium est, ut tum vincat cum leditur*. The right of the Church to direct and control education forms the subject of another article. Not only the training of theological students, but the instruction of laymen ought to be in her hands, since to her it belongs to make them good citizens and good Christians. And those who would divorce religion from letters and science, are reminded that the Church is not only directly the guardian of revealed truth, but her jurisdiction extends indirectly to natural science, as it is her duty to protect her children from errors which might endanger their faith and morals. This clashes with the modern idea of liberty, but who would say it is infringing the liberty of a mariner to prevent him from unwittingly running his vessel upon the rocks? The history of Catholic thought in Italy treats of the period immediately succeeding the outbreak of Protestantism, and points out that the salvation of Europe was due to the Council of Trent, by which a gigantic work of reform was effected in the face of apparently overwhelming difficulties. The notes on natural science contain some highly interesting details of the result of recent experiments as to the efficiency of inoculation as a preservative against yellow fever and cholera.







## MEMORY AND SUCCESS.

### PROF. LOISETTE PHYSIOLOGICAL MEMORY.

Art of Never Forgetting.  
Wholly unlike mnemonics.

### PROF. LOISETTE LOST MEMORIES RESTORED.

The worst made good,  
And the best better.

Great inducements to Correspondence Classes. Also Private Lessons by POST.

37, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

### PROF. LOISETTE CURE OF MIND-WANDERING.

Any book learned  
In one reading.

### PROF. LOISETTE PROSPECTUS POST FREE, with opinions of Charles Mercier, M.B. (Lond.), F.R.C.S., Dr. Andrew Wilson, Mr. Richard A. Proctor, and others.

## VANHEEMS AND WHEELER,

*Exclusively Clerical Tailors.*

The only House in England which is conversant with the Roman formula in respect to the canonical dress of the Catholic Hierarchy.

47, Berners Street, London, W.

ESTABLISHED 1730.

### Prize Medal Wax Candles with Platted Wicks. Patented.

2s. 2d. and 2s. per lb.

### Prize Medal Vegetable Candles for Church use.

1s. 5d., 1s. 3d., and 1s. 1d. per lb.

N.B.—Twopence per lb. on Wax, and one penny per lb. on Vegetable Candles charged extra if credit be taken over three months.

### Vegetable Oil for Sanctuary Lamps.

*(Selected and Imported specially for this purpose).*

### Pure Incense, with ordinary care, warranted to burn without flame,

2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 6s., 8s., and 10s. per 1 lb. tin.

Candles of every description, Night Lights, Oils, Starches, and all other articles for domestic purposes.

HOUSEHOLD and LAUNDRY SOAPS, well dried and fit for immediate use.

*Toilet Soaps of all kinds.*

THE REFINED PALE YELLOW SKIN SOAP, producing an agreeable softness to the skin,  
1s. per box containing five tablets.

Religious Houses, Institutions, Schools, &c., placed upon the most favourable terms. Goods delivered free within the postal district, and carriage paid beyond it to the nearest country railway station on orders not less than £5 in value.

*For Price Lists, Diagrams, and full particulars, address*

### FRANCIS TUCKER AND CO.,

18, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE; or, MANUFACTORY,  
KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.

*The only Catholic Establishment in England for the Manufacture of Wax and Church Candles.*

# St. Anselm's Society

## FOR THE DIFFUSION OF GOOD BOOKS.

FOUNDED A.D. 1860,

With the Sanction and Blessing of the Holy See, and under the Patronage of  
THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER  
AND THE  
ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH HIERARCHIES.

---

**President :**

THE LORD HERRIES.

**Vice-Presidents :**

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, E.M.      THE EARL OF DENBIGH.  
THE MARQUESS OF RIPON, K.G.      THE LORD GERARD.  
THE HON. AND RIGHT REV. MGR. GILBERT TALBOT.

**Permanent Council :**

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THE MARQUESS OF BUTE.  
THE LORD ARUNDELL OF WARDOUR.  
THE VERY REV. DR. WALSH OF  
MAYNOOTH.  
THE VERY REV. PROVOST NORTHCOTE.  
THE VERY REV. MGR. SMITH.  
THE VERY REV. FR. MORRIS.

THE REV. W. E. ADDIS.  
THE REV. FR. BRIDGETT.  
THE REV. FR. COLERIDGE.  
THE REV. FR. RYDER.  
T. W. ALLIES, ESQ.  
AUBREY DE VERE, ESQ.  
D. LEWIS, ESQ.  
E. H. THOMPSON, ESQ.

**Elected Members of the Council forming an Executive Committee :**

THE REV. G. AKERS.  
THE REV. FR. CLARKE.  
THE REV. DR. GRAHAM.  
THE REV. S. MCDANIEL.

GEORGE BLOUNT, ESQ.  
JAMES BRITTEN, ESQ.  
W. H. LYALL, ESQ.  
ORBY SHIPLEY, ESQ.

**Hon. Secretary : CANON WENHAM.**

**Society's Depository :**

5, AGAR STREET (CLOSE TO THE STRAND AT CHARING CROSS).

**MR. W. THOMPSON, *Manager.***

---

Subscriptions are urgently needed for defraying the first expenses of the Depository, for printing the Classified Lists, as well as for enabling the Society to make Grants of Books to various Institutions, such as Workhouses and Hospitals, and to Poor Missions, from which several applications have been received.

Subscriptions are received at the Depository, or may be sent to the Secretary, or paid in to the London and County Bank, Richmond Branch.

